Ginger for the Traveller

Dangers of rail and sail do not equal those presented by impure water, unwholesome food, and unhealthy climate, which beset the traveller at every turn. SANFORD'S GINGER is the quintessence of all that is refreshing, preventive, and curative in medicine and condiments, and the most reliable safeguard against dangers which live in air, water, food, and climate. It instantly relieves cramps and pains, speedily checks all forms of summer ills, prevents indigestion, destroys disease germs in water drunk, breaks up colds and fevers, and wards off malarial, contagious, and epidemic influences.

Composed of imported ginger, choice aromatics, and the best of medicinal French brandy, it is vastly superior to all other gingers which are urged upon would-be purchasers of SANFORD'S by mercenary dealers. Avoid all substitutes. Ask for

Sanford's Ginger

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THE

CKARD

QUEEN!

ES ONE IN YOUR HOME.

Is without doubt one of the best Organs made, if not the very best.

Unequalled for volume of sound, softness of tone and adaptability for public or private use. Finished in handsomely Carved Cases, by experienced workmen, and offered to the public at a price that all can become possessors of a Packard Organ. We beg to announce that we are the only authorized agents for the sale of the Organ in Maine, and that it will be sold on the same liberal terms as we give on purchases of Furniture and House Furnishings.

We also carry in stock the Carpenter Organ, Morris Pianos and Chase Piano. All of which are too well known to need any recommendation from us.

HOUSE FURNISHING COMPANY,

Headquarters, Cor. Pearl & Middle Sts., Portland.

OR, BIDDEFORD, GARDINER, NORWAY, ROCKLAND.

Maine Farmer.

J. H. Hatch, class of '88, State College, is taking a course in horticulture at the Bussey Institute, Harvard College.

Mr. Howland of New Bedford, liked the Meadow King; not easy to get out of order; cuts grass when wet, and heavy growth;

Harvesting of wheat is already under way in Kentucky, Tennessee and Kansas, and a few cars have already arrived in market.

Ensilage seems to be the stock subject claiming the attention of the agricultural papers outside of New England—a good subject if not ridden for more than it is worth.

Gov. Hood of Wisconsin, has appointed Mr. Henry C. Thom, State Dairy and Food Commissioner, and Prof. F. G. Short, chemist to the Wisconsin Experiment Station, as his assistant.

California fruits have arrived in Eastern markets, and apricots, cherries and peaches are seen on the show counters, and claiming chief attention from their more attractive appearance along side of the Roxbury Russets.

Out West they seem to have just found out that corn is a good fodder crop, and all hands are acting as tickled over it, as a boy with his first pair of boots. New England was years ahead of them in their appreciation of the crop.

Mr. F. Sawyer, Otisfield, at the Norway Institute last winter, stated that he had a Holstein cow giving 40 to 45 pounds of milk a day, and that twenty-two pounds of the milk made two inches of cream on the common sized deep setting can.

The president of the New York State Agricultural Society, Hon. James Wood, is now in England to attend the Royal Agricultural Society's show to see if any new ideas can be gained for the improvement of the State fair of New York. A capital idea!

Among the members of the American Southdown Association, who have connected themselves with the Society during the year, are Dr. N. R. Boutelle, Waterville, and C. R. Bailey, Winthrop. The association is considering the propriety of holding an exhibition of its own next fall.

Governor Goodell of New Hampshire paid a deserved tribute in his inaugural the other day to the Board of Agriculture and the Grange. To the efforts of these bodies he attributes the check to the tide of emigration from that State, and the growth in wealth and numbers of the agricultural population.

Organized effort can make itself felt on any matter on which it sees fit to center its efforts. The grange should keep this in mind as an encouragement to faithfulness, always remembering that with it should go careful study of where that influence is called for and on what it should be concentrated.

Cheese is selling well this season so far in all the dairy districts of the country. The price in this State has been especially favorable to producers. With the high prices prevailing, and our cheap pasturage, it seems as though dairymen would find the business so profitable as to warrant its extension.

Our correspondents all give an encouraging reference to the creamery business wherever it has been established in the State. Why not push it then for all it is worth? With success right before your eyes there is no reason for holding back to see if there won't be an overproduction by and by, and the prices break down. Take hold is the way and reap the advantages of the business while within reach.

A correspondent of the Rocky Mountain (Mont.) *Husbandman* says there is $200,000 worth of grain in the Ruby valley in that territory, and probably not $100 in money to be had. How does that seem to the discontented Maine grumbler who is picturing the advantages of a home in the West? Piles of grain don't amount to much, further than what is wanted for food unless it can be exchanged for money.

The English High Court of Justice has rendered a decision against dehorning cattle, and has found the accused individual guilty of cruelty to animals and deserving of punishment. This is the court of last resort and gives a final decision. Lord Coleridge in rendering the decision defined cruelty as "unnecessary abuse of the animal;" and then the question came to be whether the practice was necessary or not.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture was held June 12th, and the following officers elected: President, Thomas Motley; vice presidents, Leverett Saltonstall and Henry Saltonstall; recording secretary, E. F. Bowditch; corresponding, C. S. Sargent; treasurer, J. C. Rogers; librarian, F. H. Appleton; trustees, the above and H. S. Russell, S. E. Peabody, F. E. Ames, Augustus Hemenway and John Lovell.

Sprinkle the floor around the horse stalls these hot days with sawdust or dry earth. The emanations from the saturated floors are not only unpleasant but absolutely injurious to the horses confined there. Just try it and see what a difference there will be. So also all odors from the cattle may be easily absorbed and their quarters kept in a condition not unpleasant for the owner to remain in. These are trifling matters, but they pay well in the end. Too many farmers are neglectful and let filth abound without noticing it. All quarters for stock of horses, cattle and pigs, should be kept clean and dry. Dampness and filth, followed by neglect, are many times a heavy tax on prosperity.

A curious feature of the National Museum at Washington is the zoölogical section, or the department devoted to birds' eggs. It has about 42,000 birds' eggs, packed away in little trays placed in cases along the walls of the building. The eggs in the collection vary in size from that of the tiniest humming-bird to that of the giant bird whose remains are found in Madagascar. There is a little egg of a tiny hummingbird lying in a diminutive nest. The humming-bird that made the nest and laid the egg is the smallest bird in the world. The little egg has a length or long diameter of three-tenths of an inch, and a short diameter of three-hundredths of an inch. The latter is one-twentieth of an inch across one way, and 92-100 the other.

The receipts of live stock for the month of May at the Chicago market were 247,887 cattle, 7,975 calves, 496,250 hogs, 121,740 sheep, and 8,181 horses, against 204,919 cattle, 6,965 calves, 482,770 hogs, 136,750 sheep, 1,391 horses for May, 1888. From these figures it will be seen that the receipts have increased to the extent of 42,968 cattle, 13,460 sheep, and 1,590 horses—while in hogs there was a decrease of 15,010. The shipments of live stock for last month were 114,741 cattle, 154,493 hogs, 21,313 sheep, and 7,361 horses, against 81,727 cattle, 167,407 hogs, 23,855 sheep, and 4,230 horses for May, 1888. An increase of 33,014 cattle, and 1,071 horses, and a decrease of 12,975 hogs, and 21,642 sheep. One can hardly find in these figures any indication of a prospective rise in Eastern beef cattle.

Sheep Husbandry.

There is more money to be made in modern intensive sheep husbandry, in proportion to the investment called for in the business, than in any other line of stock the farmers of this State can take hold of. We say this deliberately, and knowing full well the embarrassments under which sheep owners in the State at the present time, and for some years past, have been laboring. But it must be modern sheep husbandry. This means keeping sheep for the meat product —lamb and mutton—instead of the wool. It also means intensive work—the forcing system. A few farmers among us have got hold of this kind of work in a small way, and the reports we have from time to time published during the past spring months have shown how they are making money at it. Just figure on the twelve, eight, six, and even down to four dollar lambs, and a sheep left with a good fleece of wool on her back, and in better condition than when under a different management she raised only a two dollar lamb! And there is room enough at present for all of this work farmers may wish to take hold of. The examples in our State so far have been on a limited scale, and properly so till the business is learned, but there are no serious obstacles to its extension to any extent the operator may be big enough and smart enough to handle. The market demand is growing much faster than the business.

The kind of work we are here considering is diametrically opposite to the old-fashioned sheep husbandry which bridged sheep over the winter on cheap fodder, to turn away in spring to the back pastures to care for themselves through summer. Intensive work can only be done with the very best of stock, and this must be well fed, and every needed want must be supplied at all times the year through. What is wanted, is a plump, fat lamb weighing from fifty to sixty pounds alive, ready for sale in March or April, or, failing in this, then a four dollar lamb in May, with a fat sheep left ready to go to the butcher, or prepared to go on and do better the next year. Any farmer who can do this kind of work with sheep can make some money out of it. But there is no room in it for neglect or carelessness. Every want must be attended to, and in its proper time.

Now is the time to select the sheep for this kind of work. Either the Hampshires, Oxfords or Shropshires are liked, as they bring a large, plump lamb, which will make a rapid growth with plenty of milk from their dams, and other feed to supplement it. A quick growth is wanted which will give fifty or sixty pounds live weight at ten weeks of age. A pure bred buck of either of the above breeds, with large, well selected grade ewes, will bring good stock. Recently the Horned Dorsets are being introduced, and so far with very satisfactory results. They breed at any season of the year, and are large milkers, two important qualifications for this kind of work.

One of the difficulties attending the business, is to get the ewes to breed out of their natural season. To encourage this the sheep must be well fed while at pasture, and brought into high condition. This gives the further advantage of putting the sheep in shape for furnishing a liberal supply of milk for the lamb, a condition that must be provided for in advance of its appearance.

This is a high pressure business all through, but it will pay those well who may engage in it. Comparatively few farmers have yet taken hold of it, though it is on the increase. We have many stockmen who have practiced the forcing system with steers, and others who can supply the daily wants of their cows. Sheep offer a still better opportunity for the exercise of skill and judgment. There is always room for the best work, and never enough to take hold of it.

Experiment Station Report.

The First Annual Report of the State College Experiment Station, for the year 1888, has been received from Prof. W. H. Jordan, director. It forms a pamphlet of 223 pages, and contains a record in detail of the work there carried on during the year. The station is officered as follows:

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The work of the station for this, its first year, has been largely that of preparation, and it has been done with the view of laying a permanent foundation for future work. Buildings suited to the station work have been erected, furnished and equipped, land has been set apart for field experiments, and cattle have been purchased for experimental feeding. Much of this work is already underway. The inspection of fertilizers was carried on as in former years, the results of which are given in full, and occupy considerable space in the report, but at this late day are of little value to the public. Considerable space is given to cattle foods, their analysis, and also the compounding of rations for the different purposes for which stock is fed, and is preliminary to the work of actual feeding in contemplation, and which has already been entered upon. Farmers are neglectful and let filth abound without noticing it. All quarters for stock of horses, cattle and pigs, should be kept clean and dry. Dampness and filth, followed by neglect, are many times a heavy tax on prosperity.

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Prof. Harvey, the entomologist, makes a valuable report, illustrated, on the insects injurious to fruits and fruit trees, which will be appreciated by the fruit growers of the State. This is to be continued in other directions as well, and is to be an important part of the work at the station. Prof. Harvey invites correspondence in regard to insects, and requests samples, giving directions for sending, &c. A report from the chemist, giving methods of work, and a full index of contents completes the report.

In the introduction to the centrifugal method of creaming milk, one of the first questions met is that in regard to the keeping qualities of the butter made from separator cream. The following from the *American Stock Breeder* gives information in regard to it:

"Among a large number of creamery butters bought last season in New York by a large speculator, all of which were from the finest marks coming to New York, and all bought on the spot, the best kept and offered for sale the latest after being held from June to February, was a creamery made with the use of a separator. In all probability this was the only one among the whole butter made with the use of the centrifugal machine has lacked body and firmness, but if so it has been caused by ignorance either in handling the machine or in working the cream after being separated.

A large proportion of the finest keeping butter made in Europe is manufactured from cream separated by the machine, but most of the butter made by the hand separator machines get their education first in the dairy schools and are fully drilled in the work, but in America, of course, where the people can't stop under lightning speed, as we live or had better live, as surely as the sun rises and sets. When it was too wet to work on the tillage land, I would take to the orchard and spend hours in pruning and mulching. That is healthful tonic, as well as a change; it drives away the blues to tend and nurse the young trees, and inspires hope for a big crop, and a big price also."

W. F. A.

"Granite Hill Farm."

More Oxford County Horses.

D. T. Foster & Son, Bethel, have a Morgan brood mare, bought in N. H., 1150 lbs., standing 15½ hands, an extra business horse. They have a 3 yrs. old gelding from her by Foster Champion, weighing nearly 1000 lbs., and standing 15-2½, an up-headed, stylish colt, well broken single or double, that can show a good gait.

Albert Brown, Jr., Bethel, still has his stallion by Lerford's Hampton, dam Hazard, weight 1000 lbs., a pacer, a fine looking horse, strong and rugged, and the sire of a large number of good colts.

Bryant's Pond, Woodbury, have one of the largest and best studs of horses in Oxford county. H. E. Dyer of Farmington is handling their horses the present season. They have six brood mares and usually from fifteen to twenty horses of all ages. They have three colts, one, two and three years old, from their Morrill gelding, a very fine looking colt, by the side of Kate Clyde, and two yearlings from J. M. Brown's Hampton stallion. A four yrs. old filly, from the same horse, was reserved for the 1875 fair. Of the brood mares of this establishment is Kate Clyde, a very powerful, fine-looking animal, 1150 lbs., and standing 16 hands, sired by Ericson, he by Mambrino Chief, by Mambrino Patchen, dam by Andrew Fleetwood in 2.25½. Kate Clyde, claimed by her friends to be among the very best brood mares in the State, capable of making a record of 2.30 in hours now formerly owned by E. K. Woodman, Farmington, and her first colt was sold last season from Mr. Woodman's stables for $2000. From Kate Clyde the Smith Brothers have bred the stallions Sir Rodger and Phillips, now standing at the head of their stud. Sir Rodger, by Jack Rysdyk, was foaled Aug. 30, '85, weighs 1100 lbs., and stands 16 hands. He is a bay with black points, a rangy, handsome colt, with good trotting action. Phillips, Standard, by Nelson, foaled Sept. 17, '86, weighs 1000 lbs., and stands 15 hands. He has been handled by the colt, a close picture of his sire, whose book was full previous to the middle of May.

George Gregg & Son, proprietors of the Pleasant Stock Farm, are very fortunate in having obtained two stallions the present season from Nelson's Sunnyside farm, Griffin and Mambrino Twinkie, one half interest in each. Griffin has been bought by the Messrs. Gregg in company with F. S. Smith. Griffin, registered as Barnard 5075, was sired by Messenger Duroc, dam Gimp by Princess, stands 15 hands, weighs 1100 lbs., is powerful horse at all points, has a strong back and loins, and the very best of feet and legs. He has repeatedly shown quarters in 37 seconds, and trotted the Waterville track in 2.31¾. His owners offer his services with no pay till he trots in 2.30. Mambrino Twinkie was sired by Mambrino Dudley, dam Jennie H., by Idaho, son of Mambrino Star, the sire of the dams of Dexter, 2.17¼; Driver, 2.19¼; Joe Bunker, 2.19¾; Nettie, 2.18; Orange Girl, 2.20; Jay Gould, 2.20¾, and Powers, 2.21. This is a very handsome, fashionably bred standing by hands. The leading brood mares at "the Pines" are Oxford Lilly and Kantaka. Oxford Lilly is a fast mare, weighing 1060 lbs., by Young Bonner, by Rob Bonner, Jr., dam by Champion Black Hawk. Her colt Alcasar, by Albrino, sold from "The Pines" a year or two since, had a half-mile record of 1.17 when 2 years old. Gloster, 1 yr. old, full brother to Alcasar, is a fine looking and very promising colt. Kantaka, by Robert Bonner, Jr., dam by Champion Black Hawk, weighs 1060 lbs., and has speed as well as size in her favor. An offer of $700 was refused for her last fall. The filly Annie G., from her by Harbinger, foaled July 15, '87, stands 14.2, estimated to weigh 960 lbs., is a handsome fine looking colt with trotting action. Kantaka has a colt by her side by Nelson.

T. S. Smith, Andover, has a filly by Venture Boone, dam by the Sampson horse, a very strong made colt, a great roader and something of a trotter. She was bred last season to Dictator Chief. He also has a 2 yrs. old gelding by Harbinger, dam the Sampson Horse, another good looking and good acting colt, weighing 800 lbs. or more.

A. M. Curtis, Peru, has a brood mare by Shepard Knapp, Jr., dam by Vermont Black Hawk, a good gaited mare, with road record of 60 miles in six hours. Mr. Curtis some years since sold one of her colts to a neighbor, which is now valued at $500 or more. He now has a remarkably fine 7 yrs. old mare from her by a son of Harry Knox, now in foal by Volute. He also has a yearling from the Knapp mare, by Walter G., he by Mambrino Gano. A.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

Address of Welcome to Cumberland County Pomona.

BY SISTER M. J. KIMBALL.

Worthy Master, Brothers and Sisters: To me has been assigned the pleasant duty of welcoming you here to-day in behalf of Wescustogo Grange, to this, their fifteenth anniversary. It is with pleasure we welcome you, and shall earnestly strive to make the time spent with us so pleasant, that it will remain a bright spot in memory's book that may be looked back to, with pleasure. May true brotherly and sisterly love, an earnest desire to be helped and help others, pervade our gathering to-day.

Fifteen years have passed since this Grange was organized; years of many changes; years that, we hope, have taught us to live less for self and more for the good of our fellow man. Many that joined our order on that day have since answered the divine Master's call, and laid down their earthly implements of labor to join the ranks above; and may we so live that when our call comes we may be truly prepared to join those gone before. This Grange was organized with twenty-four charter members, fourteen male and ten female; six of the male and two of the female charter members are still with us, to instruct and encourage the younger generation entering our portals. The first initiation took place July 30, 1874, and during the year to August, 1875, forty-four names were added to our roll-book, and to September of the next year, 1876, nine more were added; from that time until February, 1879, a period of two and one-half years, twenty-two names were inscribed on our book, and sixty-five more have since been added, so that our roll-book has one hundred and sixty-four names on it; about six of whom were by demit. About 1879 the interest in the Patrons of Husbandry began to decrease; the Grange merely existed. In 1881, the Grange books were not out for the two successive weeks. For several years about, and after this time, we met week after week without members enough for a quorum. At that time a quorum was composed of thirteen members, and after months of hard labor we managed to get a quorum for regular times enough to amend the by-laws, so that nine members now constitute a quorum; since which time, we believe there has never been a time when we could not get a quorum of very severe storms. When the Cumberland County Pomona was formed, there was life enough in some of our members to attend the preliminary meetings, and assist in organizing it. During one Wescustogo's long eclipse, the meetings were dry and uninteresting, and the hearts of those sincerely interested in the Grange were sad, but we have come out from behind the cloud, and for the past two years our meetings have been well attended, and mainly through the influence of the lecturer's department, have improved in interest, and there have been more system and life. We have usually had three or more harvest feasts in a year, and in years gone by, we invited outsiders and their families, but as we did not gain by so doing, we have not followed the custom. There has been considerable rotation in our offices. Of the five worthy masters, two held the office one year each, our present sister is serving his second year, and the office has been held by the other two the balance of the time. We have had five secretaries. This Grange has some stock in the Patrons' Co-operative Corporation, and has taken stock some of our members own some shares. We also have a small retail store in this town, which pays running expenses. We have always been every Thursday evening. We do not own a hall, but hire this building for that evening. We always give up our right on that evening if our fellow-townsmen desire it for any particular purpose. We wish to be in good repair when we leave it.

The Grange has been and is productive of good in this place, if not in a direct but indirect manner. It has drawn our farmers, their wives and daughters, more into a closer and more social relationship with each other. The Grange or Patrons of Husbandry is one of the grandest things that has ever been done for the farmers as a class; and we believe it is essentially different from all other outside interests. It has, to a great extent, taught them to think more; it has broadened their line of thought, and it is the most expansive, able to draw in more and retain it, and it has taken a still higher step in placing the wives and daughters on the same platform with their husbands and brothers in the council chamber they are allowed the same privileges. And, sisters, do not neglect your opportunities, do not be passive listeners, but take an active interest in all pertaining to the Grange; help to sustain and purify all you come in contact with; keep equal in line of thought with husband and brother; take at least a half hour every day and read the good reading matter, and if books are few, remember the book of nature is ever spread before us, inviting us to partake of the pleasure and profit that is to be derived from its perusal. Sisters, do we in our busy lives appreciate all the beauties of nature scattered so freely around us? Have you ever tried the soothing and calming effect of a walk enough in the wood or field, when tired or worried? The birds singing and the wind sighing through the trees, drop all thoughts of work and trouble, and drink in all the beauty of the scene around you. Your weariness will disappear, and your strength will be renewed for the work awaiting you.

Brothers and sisters, our lives are to a certain extent what we make them, so let us live up to the truest and purest within us; try and cleanse ourselves of all jealousies, selfishness and envy. Let us exert ourselves to our utmost to make our homes so pleasant for our children that they will not desire to leave them. Let us say with the poet:

"Our lives are songs—God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure,
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever the rhyme or measure;
And if it is sad we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it lovesome."

Again we welcome you. Welcome to our town, our hall and our homes! We are pleased and honored to see here to-day so many brother and sister patrons who have left home and home work to help, encourage and cheer us on to our anniversary day. And may we all work faithfully for the improvement and uplifting of our own and neighboring granges; live in the hope of their increase in usefulness and knowledge, and act with charity toward all mankind.

Walnut Hill.

Steam in the Wheat Field.

The history of wheat-growing in California is an interesting one. In no other part of the world has the effort to reduce the cost of production been so successful or carried to such an extreme as here. Until to-day there is very little in common between the methods followed here and those that obtain in the other great wheat-growing regions of the world. Perhaps this cannot be better illustrated than by giving a description of the manner of harvesting one of the large wheat ranches in the San Joaquin valley, which I recently visited, and where the cost of wheat production has been brought to the lowest notch that seems possible.

First, let us take the ranch during the seeding season. It consists of between 4,000 and 5,000 acres of nearly level land, of a sandy loam and reddish clay nature. Part of it is what is known here as "hogwallow"; that is, the surface is uneven and made up entirely of hillocks and hollows, just as if some prehistoric porkers of phenomenal size had used it for wallowing and had left the surface as uneven as the ocean in a stiff breeze. Such land is very difficult to cultivate at first, but how it is handled will be shown. Going out into such a field last December, here is the sight I saw: A powerful traction engine was making trips back and forth. The soil was soft from recent rains, but the two driving wheels of the engine had a surface of four feet each, and upon that surface were corrugations of angle iron which kept the wheels from slipping, while their large surface prevented them from sinking into the ground. Extending from the engine to the rear were several chains to which were attached no less than five gang-plows of four shares each. These gangs were coupled together with chains, and as they went about the field they turned twenty furrows at once without missing an inch of ground. Indeed, it would be impossible to plow more evenly or perfectly with the aid of teams. Just behind the gangs was attached an apparatus for leveling the "hog-wallows," and so effective is it that in two seasons' use these hillocks are obliterated. Behind this are the harrows, with seeders attached.

Thus the entire operation of plowing, leveling, sowing and harrowing is performed at one time. The field needs to be gone over but once. Five men are necessary to operate the machine. First, there is a steersman who has a post in front, and guides the machine with a wheel placed horizontally like that on a brake-rod; there is an engineer and a fireman, who attend to keeping up steam and to seeing that the plows are working all right; another man drives a wagon which supplies the engine with fuel, and still another brings water to the engine. The fuel used is threshed straw from the preceding crop, so that there is no expense on this score. The engine is not stopped for fuel or water, but the wagons are driven alongside, their loads transferred, and the engine keeps right along about its work; neither does it stop when nightfall comes. Two large locomotive headlights are rigged up, one in front and one behind. Another set of hands steps on board, and the engine and plows keep right along about their business, stopping for nothing. Hardly an hour out of the twenty-four is lost during seeding-time.

Nowhere else in the world can such a sight as this be seen. No wheat farmer ever dreamed before of the possibility of plowing night and day. In this way from sixty to eighty acres of land can be gone over thoroughly in twenty-four hours. The engine used is of 30-horse power, and weighs fifteen tons. The wheels are six feet in diameter and four feet width of tire. The entire outfit for wheat-growing, including ploughs, leveler, seeder, combined header and thresher, and engine, cost the owner $7,000.

It is possible, when the soil is in exactly the right condition, to add two more gangs to the five, without reducing the rate of speed of the engine. But if the soil be either too wet or too dry, this cannot be done. So much for the seeding.

The harvesting is hardly less interesting. When the grain has attained maturity, an immense combined header and separator is attached to one side of the engine, and this machine is turned loose in the grain field. This, of course, requires more hands to operate than does the plow. A swath forty feet wide is cut around the edge of the field, and from 90 to 115 acres can be harvested each day between sunrise and sunset. In order to make so wide a cut, the sickle-bar has a joint in the centre, so that the swath-guards can be practically prevented, but the prevention of first swarms is a more difficult problem.—*Beekeepers Review.*

Is Oleomargarine Wholesome Food?

We have made experiments in the department of the New York State Dairy Commission in which we show that oleomargarine will not dissolve and liquify in any human stomach, in its usual and ordinary temperature. It is indigestible, and no article that is indigestible is wholesome, and when Commissioner Miller relies upon the microscope he does not rely upon that which can give him proper information. No microscopist can, with the microscope or with the naked eye, discover indigestibility. We put the result of our experiment in our annual report two years ago. That was a definite and determined challenge. We put it there deliberately, to draw out from the manufacturers, arguments to overthrow our position if it was possible. From that time to this there has nothing been attempted to answer the argument that was made in that report.—*J. R. Brown, Dairy Commissioner of New York.*

Prof. Willets, assistant secretary of agriculture, has under consideration a letter from Ireland, which he thinks may offer a solution of the problem, "Can farmers take the place of wheat on farms where it can no longer be raised with profit?" The writer says: There is nothing in the climate or soil conflicting with the assertion that just as good flax and linen may be produced in every State in the American Union as in any country. Germany now spins and weaves the finest linen, and she has no climatic advantages different from America. There is every reason why the American farmers should produce a million acres of flax for both seed and fibre, over and above what is now produced, which would yield 13,000,000 to 15,000,000 bushels of seed, worth as many millions of dollars, and 2,500,000 tons of flax straw, worth $50,000,000, and from which 500,000 tons of short blocks of wood, such as are used in paving city streets. If the stable is not on the ground level, of course a floor must need be made of plank. Of whatever the stable floor is made have a drain. This will facilitate keeping the horses clean and the stable clean and healthy. Have the stable wide enough to allow the horses to lie down comfortably. It is well enough to have the partitions high enough to prevent the horses reaching each other. Be sure and have no projections in the stables, upon which the horses can hurt themselves in lying down, turning around, or raising their heads. This will necessitate having the ceiling high enough to clear their heads when jerked up suddenly. Have the feed boxes and racks just high enough to allow the head to be in a natural position while eating. Have both of these so arranged that there will be no waste of grain or hay. To save time in feeding have grain bin and hay handy to stable. When the stable is made comfortable, convenient and healthy, see that the surroundings are made the same. Don't have a great pile of manure just in front of the door. Have a small drain to carry the water from the stable, so that it may be approached handily, and be at the same time more healthful, because free from stagnant water.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Do not think that your colt will excel in every direction. You would not expect a great mathematician to be equally good in languages, or the noted artist to be as much interested in the commonplace things of life as the day laborer. These combinations cannot be found; they are unnatural. Why, then, should we look for extreme speed in colts bred from our hard working mares? The horse is adapted to some special work, like the individual, and we should seek to learn the sphere of action most congenial, because it is a fact that horses have likes and dislikes as well as men. Study the dispositions of the colts.

I claim the name Cunard Boy for my Cunard stallion, foaled May 15, 1887, by Cunard Jr., dam by a thoroughbred Kentucky horse. Also the name of Maud Boone, for my brown filly foaled May 4, 1888, by Daniel Boone, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam by a thoroughbred Kentucky stallion. G. W. MCLAUGHLIN.

One of the advantages possessed by the Cleveland bays is uniformity of color, making them desirable as matched horses. They are heavier than the thoroughbred running horses and much lighter than the Clydesdales or Percherons.

Poultry Department.

Save the Wastes.

In every household there will be more or less waste gathered from the table and kitchen. The necessity for removing this at once is everywhere recognized. How small it be accomplished. Not by burning or destroying, but by saving and utilizing. It is valuable for the poultry, and may be made to reduce the grain bill materially during the year. Instead of burning or throwing out on to the waste pile, or putting away for the soap man, whose coming is in the indefinite future, why not feed to the hens, and not only get rid of the wastes, but make of them a means of profit and an important saving in the year's account? Economy is not neglected, it is rather true liberality, the feeding of that which is not needed to the living creature that is wanted, and keep in perfect health.

Feeding too Often.

Feeding hens when they do not need food is very prevalent. It is well enough to feed them in the morning, when they are just off the roost, for then they are hungry, but no other meal should be given at this season until as late in the day as possible. The reason for this is that as the summer the fowls require less food, and should be kept in exercise. The blood of a bird is warmer than that of animals, and as soon as they are overfed they take on fat very readily, the result being they often die from vertigo, and also become subject to liver disease, especially fatty degeneration. The feeding should be so as to keep the fowls in a healthy condition for breeding, and if a few grains of wheat or corn are buried in the ground or in litter, they will industriously work for them; but the principal food supplied should be that of less concentrated food and make potatoes, grass or other bulky materials serve the purpose, as the hens must not be fed for fat, yet the egg material must be provided. —*N. Y. Mirror.*

Mr. Editor, Dear Sir:—My hens are greatly troubled by a little insect about as large as the point of a pin. It lines the hen house and troubles the young chicks. Shall we use coal oil? If so how often a week. Will you please tell me if there is any remedy? and oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

Frank R. Merrill, Andover, Audubon, b. g. by Albrino.

E. M. Thayer, South Paris, Santa Clare, b. f., by Rob. Wilkes.

Mrs. E. Judkins, Norway, Moonbeam, b. f., by Maxinew' Black Pilot.

J. G. Young, South Paris.

George B. Records, Buckfield, Yellow Ash (pacer) sor. g., by Charles M.

Wescott & True, South Paris, May Harbinger, ch. f., by Harbinger.

STAKE NO. 3—FOALS OF 1888.

O. P. Farrington, Locke's Mills, Wilder Patchen, b. f., by Victor Patchen.

Thayer & Clapp, South Paris, Greenwood, b. c., by Victor Patchen.

E. M. Thayer, South Paris, Diana, blk. f., by Norway Knox.

Thayer & Delano, South Paris, Fast Asleep, b. g., by Norway Knox.

T. H. Foster, North Waterford.

STAKE NO. 4—FOALS OF 1885, OR AFTER.

Barrett Bros., West Sumner, Westland, bro. c., by Col. West.

E. M. Thayer, South Paris, Diana, blk. f., by Norway Knox, and Greenwood, b. c., by Victor Patchen.

E. G. Dunn, Canton, Alberto, b. c., (pacer) by Albrino.

STAKE NO. 5—STALLION PRODUCE FOALS, 1887.

Barrett Bros., West Sumner, Prince, ch. c., by Artemus, Jr.

O. P. Farrington, Locke's Mills, Cassius M., dk. b. c., by Victor Patchen.

F. Foster, Canton.

Robert Dean, Buckfield.

Have just received a letter in regard to the stud owned by Gale & Robinson, proprietors of Elmwood Stock Farm, Pittsfield, Mass. At the head of the stud is the royally bred horse Sunny Clime 3951. He is a dark bay, black feet white, stands 15¾ hands

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, June 27, 1889.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞ Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Hurnham, our cattle reporter, authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Somerset county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot county.

MR. P. W. COLE is now calling upon our subscribers in Washington County.

MR. H. L. LELAND of East Sangerville, is now calling upon our subscribers in Piscataquis county.

Our old friend, Daniel Stickney, Esq., has returned to his home in Presque Isle.

MRS. F. E. Boothby, of Portland, kindly took the Portland School for the Deaf for a day's outing to Lake Auburn on Friday.

Hon. S. W. Matthews has gone to Hartford, Conn., where he will attend the annual convention of Chiefs and Commissioners.

Mr. Rufus Day of North Newburgh, a valued subscriber to the *Farmer*, and who has taken the paper for forty years, is now entering the eighteenth year of an honorable and useful life.

This is a bad year for prohibitory amendments to State constitutions. The prohibitory amendment was repealed by the people of Rhode Island, at the special election, Thursday. The total vote was to approve the repeal 28,449; to reject it 9353.

In the matter of deposits in saving banks in Maine the Portland Bank, as usual, leads, having $5,770,203.40 now on hand. The Augusta Savings Bank comes second on the list with $4,723,589.23. The Maine bank of Portland comes third in deposits but has made only a very slight increase during the interval.

Arthur Brown, for years superintendent of the Bangor and Piscataquis railroad, has tendered his resignation, and the same has been accepted by the directors on his own request that he remain until his successor is chosen. Mr. Brown retires on account of a much needed rest, and his management is highly complimented by the board of directors.

E. H. Greeley, Esq., of Ellsworth, one of the most influential and best known horsemen in Eastern Maine, has been chosen Vice President of the Eastern Maine State Fair Association. Mr. Greeley has always been prominently connected with the fair and has taken a very great interest in it from the first, and his choice for the position named will be very satisfactory to the thousands of patrons of the fair. He is a man of excellent judgment and his knowledge of horses and turf matters generally will be of great value in that department. It is fortunate that the fair has as good a man as Mr. Greeley for the position.

A better feeling now prevails among the wheat raisers and grain men in the west and the outlook points to a good crop. Conservative estimates made on change last week placed the wheat crop for Minnesota and Dakota at from 100,000,000 to 125,000,000 bushels. The grain men say now that all danger is over, and although some parts of the wheat-growing country might dry out if no more rain falls, the crisis has been past. Should everything prove favorable a crop of at least 100,000,000 bushels can be safely expected, while, should unfavorable weather set in from now on, the outlook is good for an increase over last year of at least 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 bushels in the Northwest.

This is the season of the year when graduates by the score speak their commencement pieces, or silently take their parchment, tied with a blue ribbon, and go out into the cold, cruel world. Well for them will it be if they will not sit listlessly down and fold their hands, deciding that their education is finished. It has indeed but just begun, and the whole of an active life may be made a training school of the utmost value. Fortunate will it be for these graduates if their habits of thought and study have not unfitted them for the real work of life. If this be so, then their course of study has been a failure. They have gained the rudiments, have mounted their first stepping stone to a useful career, if progress is made, a worthy object pursued and a worthy end attained.

When a young man, Abraham Lincoln, signed the pledge at a temperance meeting, held in an obscure neighborhood by "Old Uncle John Berry," a zealous worker in the then new-born cause. In manhood's prime the great statesman was heard to say that this decision saved him from the fate that overtook and ruined nearly every one of his youthful comrades. He was through life a total abstainer from alcoholic liquors and tobacco. In 1860, when a committee visited him at his home in Springfield, Ill., to notify him of his nomination as president, instead of feeling that he must, out of "deference to established usage," furnish them wine, he ordered a pitcher of water and glasses that, "they might drink each others' health in the best beverage God ever gave to man."

Denver, Col., is going to celebrate the glorious Fourth in a style that will throw all other celebrations of that day in the shade. The celebration will extend over three days, and among the novel features will be a gigantic National flag, suspended over one of the principal streets, and composed of colored electric lights, a big civic and military street parade, a sham battle, a pageant of handsome floats, representing the resources and industries of the Rocky Mountain region, an exhibition of fireworks, and orations by General Wager Swayne and W. J. Guthrie, of New York city. Gen Sherman will be present to see that everything goes off properly, and there will be numerous delightful excursions to points of interest near by. To all of which the world and his wife are cordially invited.

On Saturday last, our distinguished and honored fellow citizen, Hon. John L. Stevens, received the intelligence that he had been appointed to the important position of minister resident to the Hawaiian Islands. Mr. Stevens has already held with great credit to himself and the government similar positions in Uraguay and Paraguay and Sweden, and is therefore perfectly familiar with the duties of the office. Mr. Stevens is one of the strong and able men of the State. Latterly he has been wielding the editorial pen in his old position on the *Kennebec Journal*, and has shown the same vigor and brightness as in former days. While congratulating him warmly on his appointment, his neighbors and friends will deeply regret parting with him and his family again as they leave for a foreign shore. Mr. Stevens expects to leave upon his mission about the first of September, and will be accompanied by his family.

Mrs. Spurgeon, the wife of the noted Baptist preacher, is a confirmed invalid and has been for many years. Yet she is the founder of two important charities in London, the book fund and the pastors' aid fund. The book fund has been in operation 13 years, but the other is new. During 1888 there were 7913 volumes distributed among 982 pastors, without distinction of sect; sermons, tracts and periodicals were given out additionally. The pastors' aid fund was started because Mrs. Spurgeon in distributing books came in contact with so much distressing poverty. She also openly avows her purpose to devote some of the fund to the helping of clergymen's wives and daughters to "pretty things" in the way of millinery and small "frivols." A correspondent says: "How that warms one's heart toward her, how it does away with any possible thought of her as a dry-as-dust formal patron, doing good simply to save her own soul, and shows her as the tender, sweet woman with an appreciation of the blessed human as well as of the [illegible] divine."

IS MARRIAGE INDEED A FAILURE? The very asking of the question is an indication that there is something wrong about the social system. The woman who crosses the meridian of thirty, without a husband, is regarded with pity. But the man who nears the glory of his manhood without a wife, and some place he can call home, deserves condemnation. Either he has been unfortunate in his relations with women, or, the victim of a misspent life, he finds himself disqualified to assume the most sacred responsibility that ever devolves on his sex. To discharge this obligation riches are not necessary; indeed, they are often an obstacle to domestic happiness. In a large percentage of matrimonial speculations the novice wishes to begin on even terms with the veteran who has bought his experience and position with years of indefatigable labor and the irreparable wear of body and mind. They wish to begin where their fathers left off. Young married people are ambitious to maintain a position which is not in accordance with the nature of things. The fledglings should be content to fly low.

Young couples should always remember that the success of a home does not depend on the income which goes to its support. It is the spirit with which they regard their responsibility to each other. It does not take the energies of both to break up and spoil the home; either, alone, can accomplish that object. Happiness in the home where the husband is a wage earner, consists, in great measure, in the wife's readily adapting herself to the circumstances of their life, and the extent of his income. An economical wife is a far greater blessing to a young man than a large income. The lesson of living happy within a small income, has been the foundation of the best homes in the land.

The estate of matrimony is a relationship endowed with a power to ennoble. It is to be regarded under three aspects, viz:—First, as the school of the affections; second, as the school of character; third, as the conservator of the ties of home and family. Human affections are like the vines that adorn the cottage and cover the waste places. They sweeten this rough life of ours. There is nothing in this world that can take the place of home, and all the sweet and loving things belonging by right within that charming circle. Matrimony is a machine transmuting men. Through conjugal and parental love the rude and crude and coarse instincts are turned in the right direction. Matrimony is not a union between two creatures, but it is an agreement between two spirit with the purpose of perfecting and rounding out both. It develops tenderness in man and strength in woman. These powers are interchangeable. Business in all its branches is the great school of selfishness; marriage is the conservative school. Look at it as the foundation of character, of which truth is the basis. There is no relation in life in which truth is so absolutely rewarded and falsehood so bitterly punished as this. Matrimony develops courage, patriotism, and loyalty. There is no such defence as that a father will make in behalf of his home; no such patriotism as that growing out of love for home. When a man becomes the father of children, he adds to love of home, love of country. The very highest development of matrimony, in fact, is loyalty. Under the harsh light of daily life, imperfections appear, and then the loyalty becomes more steadfast. All the nobility of the soul is aroused. The man and wife cling together in poverty, and gain indelitely in nobleness. Matrimony develops self sacrifice and mutual sympathies. At times when the ties holding the family seem almost fretted away, a touch of the cold hand of death, or some less affliction, will cause them to renew again the vows of early youth. Without home and family ties, human society would fall apart into a thousand fragments, and no Patagonia or wilds of Africa would breed such a set of barbarians as we would become. Take the Oneida community, or the great cancer in Utah, or take any organization resting on a change in the old institution of marriage, and none of these give sufficient sacredness and consideration to the state of matrimony. So we arrive at the logical conclusion that marriage is not a failure.

Mr. J. F. Bailey, editor of the Christian Science *Journal*, Boston, in speaking in the New York *Sun*, of the Mrs. Plunkett divorce case, claims that Christian Science does not authorize any such transaction, but that its followers stand for the integrity of the law of marriage; they urge strongly and advocate the sanctity of home and the hearthstone, preserving the affections of all. Mrs. Plunkett is denounced as an unprincipled pretender, and free love is repudiated. Mr. Bailey further, in his communication in the *Sun*, says, boldly: "The Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy is admitted by the friends and the enemies of Christian Science *to be its Founder and Teacher*. The great body of those who call themselves Scientists accept just as implicitly her teachings as they do those of the Bible, *and give to them an equal authority*." This from so high an authority will serve to correct the statement that some have ignorantly made that it was founded upon the Bible, and that Christ was its Teacher.

DEATH OF MRS. HAYES. Lucy Ware Webb Hayes, the wife of Ex-Prest. Hayes, died at her home in Fremont, Ohio, on Tuesday, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis suffered several days previously. She was fifty-six years of age. Eight children have resulted from her marriage, of whom four sons and a daughter are living. Her husband and both brothers entered the army during the late war, and at the close of the war, her home was a refuge for wounded, sick and furloughed soldiers, going to or returning from the front. She spent two winters in camp with her husband in Virginia, and after the battle at South Mountain, where he was badly wounded, she hastened east and joined him at Middletown, Maryland, and later spent much time in the hospital near Frederick City. She was one of the originators of the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home. Her temperance principles led to the banishment of wine from the White House during her husband's administration, an innovation which atttacted much attention and comment during the four years.

THE NORTHERN AROOSTOOK RAILROAD. The one piece of railroad that needs to be built in Maine, is a road from Mattawamkeag to Presque Isle, and whether this road shall be built or not rests entirely with the people of Aroostook County. It is well known that the road cannot be built without a large expenditure, and it will be some years before it will pay, owing to the great extent of country through which it must pass, and the sparse settlement of that county. Certain capitalists in the State, however, who have faith in the ultimate development and growth of that portion of our State, have agreed to build this road, provided the citizens of Aroostook County would subscribe and contribute $100,000 towards the completion of the road. The surveys have been made, the road laid out, the location filed, and some $30,000 of the $100,000 subscribed. If the people of Aroostook will only raise the $100,000, the road will speedily be built. It is for the people of Aroostook to decide whether they will have this road or not.

The public will be surprised on reading the announcement elsewhere, that Mr. Charles Milliken will dispose of his valuable property at the capital, the Augusta House. No such opportunity for the hotel business has been offered in this State for years. The House has long been headquarters for persons having business at the capital, and members of the legislature and of State department; and now that the capital question is decided, an added value is given to the establishment. We take pleasure in referring to the advertisement in another column.

Since the death of Mr. Hiram Reed, the only survivors of the old drivers on the route between Portland and Augusta, by the way of Brunswick, are M. M. Nickerson of Topsham, and John Marshall, a resident of Androscoggin county, and Ivory Courson of Wales.

THE SUPERIOR COURT AT WATERVILLE. Dexter vs. the Canton Bridge Company returned a verdict for the plaintiff for thirty-five dollars. Worster vs. Dolloff. In this case of replevin for a yoke of oxen a verdict was rendered for the plaintiff.

Gov. Burleigh has issued a letter to the sheriffs and county attorneys in the State, directing a faithful and impartial enforcement of the liquor law.

Governor Burleigh and staff will go to St. Andrews at the opening of the new Algonquin Hotel there, June 26th.

The Fourth Maine Battery held its annual reunion at Skowhegan, yesterday.

MOWING MACHINE CONTEST. The people of Sidney with notable representatives from other towns and more distant communities, gathered in large numbers Tuesday morning at the large and fruitful farm of E. Allen Field, Esq., who, by the way, is one of the best farmers in the county, the object being a mowing machine contest. It was a *Field* day in every sense of the word, and some of the stalwart farmers in Kennebec were present. The contest grew out of the big sale of the Buckeye made at Getchell's Corner, Vassalboro, by the active agent of that popular machine, Mr. G. W. Ward. So a challenge came from the Deering machine, represented in Augusta by Mr. O. Williamson, for the valiant Buckeye to meet them in the haying field. The challenge was promptly accepted, and the Standard Buckeye, manufactured by the Richardson Manufacturing Co., was represented by Mr. Ward of Vassalboro, and the Deering by Mr. Warren Malcom of Augusta. Although not entering into the contest in any spirit of contention, the Adriance was exhibited by Mr. A. D. Ward of Augusta. One point in favor of the Buckeye we discovered on riding thither. A farmer was using a pattern of the Buckeye which was made twenty-four years ago, and the machine was then doing splendid work. What stronger testimonial could we desire?

The first thing to be done was the choice of a committee. The Buckeye folks selected E. A. Bailey of Winthrop; the Deering, S. C. Hastings of Sidney; the Adriance, Calvin Graves of Sidney. It was agreed that these should select two others, and they chose Wallace S. Weeks of Riverside, and L. A. Moore of Augusta. It was objected to Mr. Moore that he was a relative of Mr. Welch, a local agent of the Buckeye, and he withdrew. In his place was put Mr. A. S. Clark of Sidney.

The broad field stretched out before the people, and the machines were set at work, the six-foot two horse Buckeye being the first to appear driven by Mr. E. P. Curtis of the Richardson Manufacturing Company, who came down to see the fun. The machine cut a splendid swath, and various were the comments made upon it by the committee and spectators, the committee taking cognizance in the examination, of draft, weight, general capacity, and other leading and essential points about each of the machines. Mr. Field was then selected as a driver of all three of the machines, in making the test, and he did his work well and impartially. A little more than half an hour was given to each of the machines, and they were tried under the several conditions which they would be likely to encounter in the average field, through thick and thin grass, at high and low speed, etc. Besides the three two horse machines, each of which cut a handsome swath, a test was made of the one horse six-foot Buckeye, and it mowed the smoothest and appeared to do better work than any in the field. The draft was obtained by an attachment to each machine of a dynamometer, an instrument conducted upon the same principle as a pair of steelyards. During the test there was considerable excitement among the agents and friends of the several machines, as the points of each were elaborated upon, and comparisons made, each side of course claiming their machine the best. It was all good-natured, however, and all the blows given or taken were formulated into no more harmful missels than words. Mr. Curtis explained the points of excellence of the Buckeye to the committee and people, Mr. Ward those of the Adriance, and Mr. Malcom, an expert talker, those of the Deering.

Finally, the committee, which of course formed the court of last resort, seated themselves upon the grass, and prepared the report. In regard to the draft of the machines, they reported as follows:

Buckeye—In light grass,	" heavy "	200 lbs. 300 "
Adriance—In light grass,	" heavy "	100 lbs. 350 "
Deering—In light grass,	" heavy "	250 lbs. 300 "

The committee also reported: Lightest of draft and simplicity of construction—the Buckeye. Durability and easiest handled—the Deering. As to which was the best machine, all points considered, the committee were unable to agree, the vote scattering considerably, but they decided that excellent work was done by all the machines. In their report the committee made no mention of the Adriance, with the exception of stating the draft. They could not have considered that machine competing, but entered for exhibition only, as in the minds of seven-eighths of the intelligent farmers present, the Adriance stood next to the Buckeye in the excellence of its work, as well as in the principle of the construction of the machine.

It will be seen, even taking the guarded report of the committee, that the Buckeye is the real victor in the field, being placed first in the lightness of draft and in simplicity of construction, the essential points in which the manufacturers have always claimed superior excellence. The point of durability cannot be ascertained by an hour's trial, but must appear after years of actual experience in the field.

APPOINTMENTS. The President has made the following appointments:

To be United States attorney—Walter Lyon of Pennsylvania, for the western district of Tennessee, vice Hon. A. S. Craig of Virginia, for the western district of Virginia.

To be United States marshals—Geo. Cunningham of South Carolina, for the district of South Caroline; John H. Simmons of Ohio, for the southern district of Ohio; Orville T. Porter of Oregon, for the district of Alaska; Anson Taylor of the District of Columbia, vice Hon. John C. Carter, and assigned to the city of Washington.

To be trustees of the girls reform school of the District of Columbia—Samuel S. Shellabarger, Augustus T. Wimberley, and Adoniram J. Huntington.

To be Collectors of Internal Revenue—William C. Goodloe, for the Seventh District of Kentucky; A. T. Wimberley, for the district of Louisiana; Henry M. Cooper for the district of Arkansas.

To be Consul General at Frankfort—Frank Mason of Ohio.

To be Consul at Marseilles—Charles B. Tiof of Maine.

To be Consul at Bordeaux—H. G. Knowles of Delaware.

William C. Goodloe, the new collector of internal revenue for the seventh district of Kentucky, is an ex-Union soldier, and was minister to Belgium under President Grant.

A. T. Wimberly, the new collector of internal revenue for the district of Louisiana, is an ex-Confederate soldier.

H. M. Cooper, appointed collector of internal revenue for the district of Arkansas, held the same office under President Arthur's administration.

Consular appointments made:

Oliver H. Simons of Colorado, to Hong Kong.

William Monaghan of Ohio, to Chatham, Ont.

William T. Rice of Massachusetts, to Leghorn.

Lyell T. Adams of New York, to Horgen, Switzerland.

Henry W. Diedrich of Indiana, to Nuremberg.

Roland J. Hemmick of Pennsylvania, to Geneva, Switzerland.

RACING AT LEWISTON. The June meeting opened Tuesday. The attendance was slightly better than last year. The interest centered in Ellis' gray stallion Ellsworth, four years old, who won the 2.35 race, time 2.26 1-4; the best four year old record in Maine. The following is the result of the races:

2.35 CLASS.

E. R. Ellis, g s, Elmbrook.	1	1	1
Chas. Dustin, b g, St. Lawrence,	2	3	4
J. S. Page, bk g, Mt. Ex.	4	2	3
F. P. Fox, b g, Frank A.,	3	4	5
F. A. Maxwell, ch m, Kitz,	5	5	2
John P. Gibbs, b m, Josie Bates,	6	6	6
J. C. Harrington, b m, Princess,	7	7	7
T. Thayer, b m, Fashionable,	dr		

Best time, 2.26¼.

2.00 CLASS.

Michael Leonard, b m, Misfortune,	1	1	1
Chas. Dustin, g m, Hopona,	2	3	4
J. C. Horne br g, Denver,	4	2	2
P. H. Lennon, b g, Barney L.,	3	4	3
F. A. Maxwell, ch m, Dora Thorne,	dis		
J. P. Bass, ch g, Gen. Withers, Jr.,	dis		
L. C. Leadbetter, s m, Queenie L.,	dis		

Misfortune 1st money; Barney L., 2d; Hopona 3d; Denver 4th.

Michael Leonard, b m, Misfortune,	1	1	1
Chas. Dustin, g m, Hopona,	2	3	4
J. C. Horne br g, Denver,	4	2	2
P. H. Lennon, b g, Barney L.,	3	4	3
F. A. Maxwell, ch m, Dora Thorne,	dis		
J. P. Bass, ch g, Gen. Withers, Jr.,	dis		
L. C. Leadbetter, s m, Queenie L.,	dis		

Misfortune 1st money; Barney L., 2d; Hopona 3d; Denver 4th.

On Thursday evening, June 20th, the farmers of Corinna, with some from St. Albans and North Newport, met at the hall of Twilight Grange to listen to the able address of State Dep. G. M. Twitchell, on "The Grange, its possibilities and attainments." It is needless to say it was one of the best lectures ever delivered in this town, and we hope it will be the means of adding many to our order, as a great deal of interest was manifested at the time. This Grange was reorganized last February, after remaining dead for several years, infused with newer and younger blood, and is now in a very thriving condition. When reorganized we had 34 members; now we have about 60, with new additions most every night, and we hope by fall to number 100 members.

A MEMBER.

Mr. Wormwood has sold the *Oxford County Record* to the Norway *Advertiser*.

STATE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT. The annual commencement exercises of the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, opened on Saturday evening, June 22d. The following is the programme for the week:

Saturday—7.30 P. M., Sophomore Prize Declamations.

Sunday—7.30 P. M., Baccalaureate Discourse, by Rev. C. F. Allen, D. D.

Monday—7.30 P. M., Junior Exhibition.

Tuesday—9 A. M., Meeting of the Trustees. 1 P. M. to 4 P. M., College Halls open to visitors. 1.30 P. M., Military Exercises. 8 P. M., President's Reception.

Wednesday—9.30 A. M., Commencement Exercises. 3 P. M., Meeting of the Alumni. 8 P. M., Concert.

Thursday—2 P. M., Class Day Exercises.

Friday—8.30 A. M., Examinations of Candidates for Admission to the College.

The competition for the Prentiss prize, for Sophomore declamation, took place at the Town Hall, which was well filled with a large and appreciative audience, the friends of the class and the college. The hall was beautifully decorated and the platform adorned with designs of cut flowers, shrubs, etc. The several performances were of a high character and reflected much credit on the class and showed careful drill in preparation.

The committee to award prizes are: Prof. Silas A. Alden, Hampden; Prof. Frank A. Spratt, Hampden; Mrs. M. C. Fernald, Orono. Following is the

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

Music.

1. The Roman Sentinel, Warren Robin Page, Hampden. Florence
2. Flying Jim's Last Leap, Henry Vaill Starrett, Warren. Banks
3. The old Actor's Story, Hugo Gustave Menges, Bangor. Sims

Music.

4. The Chariot Race, Gen. Lew Wallace
Wallace Rider Farrington, Cape Elizabeth.
5. The Black Regiment, Boker
Alden Palmer Webster, Orono.
6. The Unknown Speaker, Anon
George Edward Thompson, Orono.

Music.

7. Toussaint L'Ouverture, Phillips
William Melvin Bailey, Skowhegan.
8. The Pilot's Story, Howells
Edmund Clark, Bethel.
9. The College Oil Cans, McGuire
Charles Norman Taylor, Hampden.

Music.

10. The Dandy Fifth, Gassaway
True Lander Merrill, Orono.
11. Ramon, Bret Harte
*Jacob Frye Heracy, Patten.
12. The Baptism, Wilson
Cyrus Hamlin, Bangor.

Music.

*Excused.

Rev. C. F. Allen, D. D., of Kent's Hill, the first President of the college, preached the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class on Sunday evening. The sermon was characterized by depth of thought, elegance of diction and aptness of illustration and was listened to with the closest attention by the very large audience present.

On Monday afternoon the reception and spread of the Maine State Chapter of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity took place at their chapter house.

In the exercises of the Junior Class the essays showed careful study and thoughtful preparation.

A meeting of the trustees was held Tuesday forenoon at which there were present, Gen. R. D. Hopkins, Skowhegan; Hon. W. H. Strickland, Bangor; A. L. Moore Esq., Waterville; Col. C. P. Allen, Presque Isle, and W. T. Haines Esq., Waterville. The meeting was chiefly of a routine character. The degrees were conferred upon the several members of the graduating class and the usual details of business looked after.

In the afternoon there was an exhibition drill by the Cadets, in charge of the military instructor, Lieut. Hatch. The Cadets made a fine appearance, yet the exercise seemed to us a little lacking interest.

In the evening President Fernald gave a reception to the graduating class, the alumni and visiting friends of the college. The evening was pleasant and the occasion of unusual interest. President and Mrs. Fernald received the visitors with much cordiality and were all were made welcome.

The exercises of the graduating class were held in Odd Fellows' Hall; late for a report of the same in this issue. A further report will appear next week.

COMMENCEMENT AT WESTBROOK. The annual commencement of Westbrook Seminary took place Thursday. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers and the girls' dresses were charming, but the intellectual treat surpassed all.

Elbert Allen Hardy of West Falmouth, delivered the salutatory in Latin, in admirable manner. Susie McDonald Winslow of North Falmouth, was valedictorian, and her essay was one which was very well composed, and reflects credit on the young lady and the school.

The following was the order of exercises:

Music.
Prayer.
Music.

Latin Salutatory—Elbert Allen Hardy, West Falmouth.
Essay—Life's Harvest, Adelene Allen, Windham Centre.
Essay—Shakespeare's Children, Louise Howard Beal, Deering.
Essay—Alaska, Addie Randall Brightman, Alaska.
Essay—Drifting, Sara Rebecca Brightman, Portland, Ore.

Music.

Oration—Beauty in Everything, Claude Maitland Griffeth, Portland.
Essay—The Coquelicot of Mid Night, Mary Lane Carleton, Cumberland Mills.
Essay—"A primrose by the river's brim A yellow flower was to him And it was nothing more."
Alice Louise Cox, Dixfield.
Essay—"God who studies each separate soul, Out of commonplace life makes His beautiful whole."
Beasie May Drinkwater, Cumberland Centre.
Essay—"Thou hast been called, O God, sometimes In By steps we ascend to God,"
Emma Flint, East Hiram.

Music.

Oration—The Object of Life, Charles Harrison Clifford, West Falmouth.
Essay—The Star Spangled Banner, Mary Etta Gould, East Turner.

The graduates were:

HIGHER ENGLISH COURSE.

Florence Iseline Allen, Sara Rebecca Brightman, Emma Florence Bailey, Claude Maitland Griffeth, Augusta Lane, Addie Miller Lawrence, Jennie Amanda Sargent, Jennie Eliza Stillings.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Claude Maitland Griffeth, Addie Randall Brightman, Louisa Howard Beal, Violet Estelle McClure.

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE.

Mary Lane Carleton, Charles Henry Clifford, Elbert Allen Hardy, William Henry Hawkins, Charles Winslow Lathrop, Susie McDonald Winslow.

LADIES' CLASSICAL COURSE.

Alice Louise Cox, Beasie May Drinkwater, Mary Ella Gould, Eva Gertrude Leighton, Ruth McClure, Emily Collins Winslow, Susie McDonald Winslow.

The Juniors exhibition was a great event. The various essays were delivered finely and the members showed signs of a careful training, both in composition of their work, which was excellent, and in their fine delivery.

Gorham High School closed Tuesday, June 18. Graduating exercises were held at 2.30 P. M., in the Congregational Church. The church was very prettily decorated. The following is the programme:

Music by Grimmer's Orchestra.
Prayer by Rev. G. W. Reynolds.
Salutatory—Philip M. Shaw.
The Invention of Printing, Fannie L. Higgins.
Immigration, Edgar F. Drown.

Music by Orchestra.

Good Reading, Maud M. Brackett.
The Drama, Howard S. Usher.
Joan of Arc, Annie B. Colesworthy.

Music by Orchestra.

Feudalism Howard S. Usher.
The Indians Lillie M. Parker.
Our Navy Harry S. Emery.

Music by Orchestra.

Class History Lizzie M. Harding.
Class Prophecy Albert M. Jones.
Poem Lillian S. Smith.
Valedictory Angie L. Weeks.

Music.
Conferring of Diplomas.
Class Ode.
Benediction.

Diplomas were conferred by Judge Waterman who made a short and appropriate speech. Over eight hundred people witnessed the exercises.

The Reception was given by the first class at 7.30 P. M., in Ridlon Hall.

Music was furnished by Orchestra.

All enjoyed the evening which passed very pleasantly.

SUMMER TIME OF THE MAINE CENTRAL. The summer time table goes into effect on the Maine Central July 1st. The early Waterville train will leave Portland the same as now. The 8.45 A. M. Farmington train will then run through to Maranocook and Waterville. The train at present leaving Portland at 10.30 will leave Portland at 11.05. A train from Boston will connect with the 11.05 train which will run through to Houlton, Woodstock, St. Andrews, St. John, and also to Moosehead Lake. This will be the finest through train service ever given in this State. At noon, in addition to the Lewiston train and the 1.35 over the lower road, the Bar Harbor express will go on. The 3.45 train to Augusta, the 5.30 train for Lewiston as well as the night Pullman will run from Portland as usual. It is a fact not generally known, although advertised, that the 5.05 P. M. train runs through to Rockland every night.

All the through trains will connect with stage for Poland Springs. There will be a Sunday train service. At 8 A. M. and 6.40 P. M., Sunday train will leave Portland for Lewiston. On the White Mountain division a train will leave for Montreal at 8.45; the noon express for all points in the White Mountains will leave at 1.10; the Montreal train will leave at 5.45 P. M. On these trains there will be elegant parlor and sleeping cars that will add to the pleasure of passing over this line of road for the scenery. This line will be more popular than ever this season. The Sunday night express will leave at 6.35 P. M., when the new time table goes into effect. With the exception of the Bar Harbor express the arrival of trains in that city will be the same as last year. On the Mountain division, trains will arrive at 8.30 A. M., 12.45 noon and 8.05 P. M.

"A REVELATION BY FIRE." On the eve of February 9th, '89, the barns and outbuildings connected therewith, of Frank S. Adams of Bowdoin, were totally consumed by fire. They were large, commodious, and filled with hay, grain, implements and stock. Aside from what was snatched from the burning by heroic labors of those who hastily assembled, fifteen sheep, eleven head of cattle, six hogs and fifty hens or more were burned. One barn was the same as new and not entirely finished inside. It was a terrible blow to Mr. Adams and fell like a bolt from a cloud, dazing for a time but arousing in its reaction the wide community, and hearts and hands were extended in sympathy that crystallized in substantial aid, so that from all sources money, material and labor amounted to over eight hundred dollars. There was insurance in the Androscoggin Patrons Mutual Fire Insurance Company on the older barn to the amount of five hundred dollars. A new and complete barn has been erected with basement, which is 45x100, with 20 ft. posts, and Pomona Day, June 26, (yesterday) was dedicated by a public meeting held within its spacious walls.

Mr. Adams is the present Master of Sagadahoc Pomona Grange, and member of the State Board of Agriculture for Sagadahoc county, and a large and successful farmer. We are permitted to publish below the poem read on the above occasion by the author, Mrs. M. W. Hinkley, Lecturer of Merry-meeting Grange. Bro. Adams is a past master of the same Grange, though now a member of Sagadahoc Grange, Bowdoin, since its reorganization two years ago. Such poem tells its own story far better than words of ours could express it. Every member of the Board gave a handsome sum. Every Grange in the county gave as a Grange, and nearly every Patron helped swell the sum. It is a grand and pleasing illustration of the good gospel of co-operative charity, and this "revelation by fire" has not only revealed the unselfishness of friends and neighbors, but the unselfishness of those farther removed, and knit anew the ties of human hearts and human sympathy.

You want to know my 'pinion 'bout the great and growin' West?
Well, sit down, my friends and neighbors, and I'll do my level best
To tell you why I've changed my mind, 'tis changed this certain term;
Perhaps you think to change one's mind is neither strange nor new.

You know I've lived here 'mong these hills (where father first was child),
And struggled since my boyhood with a sturdy kind of pride
To be a man, alive to all the interests of life,
I tell you 'tisn't play at all but the toughest kind of strife
To keep the weeds of selfishness from growin' in the heart,
And crowdin' out the kindliness that is the better part.

You know a man needs money to make his plants' "go,"
And in this quiet little town it comes so awful slow
That men grow old afore their time with hardship, for to toil alone wrests money from our worn New England soil.

When all the powers of hand and brain are taxed to reach one goal,
That purpose whether good or ill soon gets complete control.

Of all the man, unless within love reigns as king,
God's pity most makes of human toil a grand and noble thing.

You know, my friends, I did not spare myself in any sense,
Regardin' self, small account all efforts, all expense
Of mind or muscle that could tend to make my cause commence.

This "cattle" in my constant thought was that my bit of land
Should give the biggest yield of crops and pay the best per cent.,
And justify with heavy sheaves the care and labor spent.

Sheaves messages came from the lowly, from the honorable and the great,
From the rich and mighty 'mong farmer men in the grand old Pine Tree State;
And still the tide kept swellin' like the waves of a summer sea
When it softly breaks on the waitin' sand, with its thrill of ecstasy.

'Tis good to have gold and silver, and honor and fame bestide,
But nothin' like into the human need like friends that are true and tried;
The habits of self-repression, oft seen in the sons of toil,
Grows out of the constant struggle for mastery over the soil.

It seems like confession of weakness to talk of the love they feel,
Or acknowledge a pain, tho' it is keen as a blade of Damascened steel,
But under the mask of silence the heart keeps its "holy place,"
And our Maine man watches with jealous care over its tender grace.

I've lived beside you always in a neighborly kind
But I never knew my place in your hearts 'till the mantle you have loaned away.
I reckoned my wealth in dollars and sought to increase my store,
But that fee-fight showed me a truer wealth and a hundred fold the more;
The West has rich prairie bottoms and measureless stacks of grain,
But I have found nees to "nail to" here in the State of Maine.

GRAND RACES AT FAIRFIELD. If any one doubts the intensity of interest in horse breeding, or that gigantic strides are being made, he has but to visit one of the races held on any of our Maine tracks this season. The past years have been but a foretaste of what is this year to be seen. Usually the first races are poorly attended, the number of horses small, and the time slow. The trotters are not yet conditioned for severe tests. But this season promises to be a marked exception to all rules, and to furnish abundant evidence that Maine horses are fully the equal of any. Wednesday and Thursday of last week, Mr. A. F. Gerald gave a series of races on his track at Fairfield. Somehow the horsemen as well as horses seem to have a liking for this track and its enterprising and obliging owner, for the town was full of trotters and trainers. Over fifty were quartered on the track and throughout the village. The three minute class had nine starters, and the 2.37 eight, thus proving that the horsemen are ready and anxious to come to the test. Fully fifteen hundred were in attendance the first day, and the same number the second. Such interest has never before been witnessed on this well known track. When it is considered that this is but the middle of June, and the first race of the season, surely the outlook is promising. There will be no dearth of trotters on Maine tracks this year. The first race called was the three minute class, and for this nine starters came up for the word.

3.00 CLASS—SUMMARY.

Fred M., blk g, C. A. Marston, Skowhegan,	1	4	1
Van Helmont, blk s, Dr. I. P. Tash, Fairfield,	3	2	1	3
Henry Vaill Starrett, Warren.	2	1	3	4
Hopponna, g m, Chas. Dustin, Pittsfield.	2	3	4	5
Dexter, br g, J. C. Howe, Waterville.	5	4	5	2
Telephone, b s, E. E. Dyer, So. Norridgewock.	4	5	6	6
Ben Hur, b m, Rodney Jones, Fairfield.	6	6	7	dr
Little Charlie, ch g, Howard Wells, Clinton.	9	dr		
Pilot Sing, b m, B. E. Phillips, North Anson.	7	5	5	dr
Jonas, b g, W. T. Reynolds, Winslow.	6	6	dr	

TIME.

Heats.	Quar.	Half.	Three-Quar.	Mile.
First,	39	1.20¾	2.00	2.40¾
Second,	39	1.17¾	1.57½	2.39½
Third,	40	1.19¾	1.59	2.40
Fourth,	39½	1.19¾	1.59	2.39¾
Fifth,	40	1.20¾	2.00½	2.41
Sixth,	41	1.23½	2.04¾	2.46¼

Well, there is wide difference twixt these and motors ways.

Some men's heard of heights attained with easy, rapid stride,
And of wealth rolled in on Western land a steady tide;
I didn't care, my plans worked well, I prospered some not more less,
And in good time men ceased to talk and honored my success.

I thought my hardest work was past, and I began to
My prospects growin' brighter, and to feel some what more free
From the pressure of anxious thought and care that novel ways entail,
A man of "visions luck," you know, is ashamed of the word fail.

We need the healthful stimulus of fellowship with friends,
And if we don't stand wisdom a little nonsense blends.
The laugh awakened by its touch (so priests and doctors say),
Clears up the mental atmosphere like an electric shock.

Items of Maine News.

It now looks as though a National Bank will be established at Fort Fairfield in the near future.

Bangor has counted up one hundred and twenty-seven new dwellings, constructed within the past twelve months.

Rev. H. S. Burrage, D. D., of Portland, editor of *Zion's Advocate*, has been elected one of the Trustees of Brown University.

Vinalhaven celebrated its one hundredth anniversary on Tuesday. The town's prosperity was illustrated by a long procession.

The store of Durell & Hawkes at Oxford was broken into Monday and a quantity of tobacco and cigars taken. No money is missed.

Hon. Abel Prescott, a prominent citizen of Skowhegan, formerly a member of the House and Senate, died Wednesday, aged about 70.

The United States steamer Juniata, attached to the training station, was ordered to Kittery, Me., Thursday. She transferred the apprentices to the New Hampshire.

Mrs. Granville Haggett of North Newcastle, had the first and second fingers of her right hand severed, Monday, by placing her hand on a mowing machine which her husband was moving.

E. C. Baker, proprietor of the Biddeford grist mill, was found Monday night lying unconscious beside a hopper. He had suffered a stroke of paralysis and had fallen on a pulley. He may recover.

Daniel B. Dodge of Edgecomb, was almost instantly killed Tuesday, by the overturning of a cart loaded with fish, on which he was riding. He was fifty years of age and leaves a family.

George Libby, son of Charles Libby, living on the lower River road in Auburn, was drowned while bathing in the Androscoggin Saturday afternoon. His age was 12. The body was recovered.

The cut of lumber at the Winnegance mills this summer will be about 5,000,000 feet, against 4,000,000 feet last season. All of the mills now have circular saws, the old up and down saws having been taken out.

Ethnic Baker, proprietor of the Biddeford grist mill, was found Monday night lying unconscious beside the hopper. He had suffered a stroke of paralysis and fallen onto the pulley. His head and neck were bruised but his injuries were not fatal.

Mrs. H. D. Simpson, of Winterport, met with a serious accident last week. She fell from a chair in which she was standing, and sprained her ankle very badly. It will probably be many weeks before she will be able to walk.

Mr. Hiram Toothaker, one of the aged and much respected citizens of Brunswick, died last week, aged 69 years. Mr. T. was for many years one of the business lumbermen and for a long time an active member of the Methodist church.

Edward Blake of Milltown, a brakeman on the regular train on the St. Croix & Penobscot Railroad, was severely injured Tuesday morning. He was caught between two passenger cars while shackling them together at Milltown.

Mr. R. B. Loring, of Perry, while helping to raise the frame of a barn, on Thursday, was badly crushed and taken up for dead, by the falling of a broadside of the frame. His head was hurt badly, and it is thought he has received internal injuries. He will recover.

Bangor, Wednesday night, was brilliantly illuminated, it being the first night when the new electric light plant, furnished by water power at the water works dam, was turned on. One hundred and forty arc lights of 2000 candle power each, lighted the city splendidly.

The gentlemen interested in arranging a rowing regatta at Lake Sebago for July 4th have held a meeting and perfected their plans. The first race will be for double scull working boats, and the prizes will be $75 for the first, and $50 for the second. This is open to the State of Maine.

The commissioners of Knox county, by virtue of the authority granted by resolve of the legislature to procure a loan, will, on the first of July, issue bonds amounting to $15,000 at three and one half per cent. interest, payable semi-annually. The bonds will be of one, two and five hundred dollars.

Presque Isle and community were painfully shocked to hear that their old and highly esteemed fellow citizen, J. F. Dyer, while on his way home had suddenly fallen, stricken with paralysis. He was taken up, carried into the house and medical aid promptly summoned. Since that time he has gradually improved.

The following are the prize winners in the class of '91, at Bowdoin College: Smyth Mathmematical Prize—Fred Ober Fish, Brunswick; Honorable Mention—Henry Eastman Cutts, Portland. Sewall Latin Prize—Charles Harris Hastings, Bethel. Honorable Mention—Algernon Sidney Dyer, Bar Mills. Sewall Greek Prize—Harry DeForrest Smith, Gardiner.

The business of the electric cars at Bangor is already far beyond the most sanguine expectations. Notwithstanding the fact that only the direct line, of three miles in length, has been put in operation, a daily average of from 1,200 to 1,600 passengers is recorded. On Thursday, when there was no special attraction to increase the business, one car alone carried 562 passengers.

At the immense establishment of the Penobscot Chemical Fibre Company, situated at Great Works, just above Bangor, 45 to 50 cords of spruce and poplar are converted into pulp daily. There are nine reclaiming furnaces, which are run night and day, and the daily consumption of wood is 35 cords. Two hundred men are employed and the monthly pay roll amounts to $10,000.

A narrow escape from a fearful accident occurred near the Union station, Portland, Tuesday noon. Train 12 from Skowhegan and Lewiston, due there at 12.25, came rushing towards the station and collided with an engine which left the noon train on the Boston & Maine tracks and was going up the yard to the switch. Engineer Malborn of the Skowhegan train was badly burned. Both engines were ruined.

One of the most brilliant weddings of the season took place Wednesday at the residence of Mr. Isaac Emery, in Portland, his daughter, Miss Helen Emery, being joined in marriage to Mr. Alex. T. Laughlin of the firm of W. & C. R. Milliken. The wedding ceremony took place at 11 o'clock, there being a large gathering of friends and relatives. Rev. N. T. Whitaker, D. D., was the officiating clergyman, and he was assisted by Rev. Theodore Gerrish.

Thirty citizens gathered at the store of R. W. Carr & Co., Bowdoinham, Friday, and formed a village improvement society. The officers elected were: President—Hon. S. W. Carr; Vice President—J. E. Cornish; Secretary and Treasurer—R. W. Carr; Standing Committee—W. B. Kendall, H. R. Hinkley, Dr. I. C. Irish, W. S. Sampson, A. Hutchins, W. D. Curtis, C. A. Jordan; Committee on Constitution and By-laws—Dr. Lancaster, W. P. Carr, G. W. Proctor.

On Thursday, the 18th Me. Regiment held their reunion at Peaks Island, in Portland harbor. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, N. G. Frye; Vice President, Nelson Howard; Second Vice President, Charles Anderson; Secretary and Treasurer, W. R. Gibbons. There was a large attendance, and a grand good time enjoyed. Squirrel Island was proposed as the place of the next meeting, but Augusta was finally settled on. The date of the meeting will be the second Thursday in June, 1890.

At a meeting of the voters of Farmington Village Corporation, held Friday, preliminary steps were taken toward settling the bond question which has hung like a black cloud over the corporation for nearly twenty years. The original debt was about $20,000 exclusive of interest. The vote was to compromise for 75 per cent., or about $15,000. Not less than 60 per cent. must be handed in before August 1st, for which receipts will be given. Then the next legislature will be asked to legalize the issue of four per cent. notes payable in five annual payments to replace the original bonds, the first years interest not to be paid until September, 1891.

The schooner Walter C. Hall of Jonesport, Capt. Woodward, Machias, loaded with lumber for Wm. Holway, and bound for Boston, ran on to a ledge in a group called the "Old Man," lying just outside Bar Harbor, Thursday, the wind blowing freshly at the time. Assistance was sent at once from Prospect Harbor, but as the tide was ebbing, they could not get her off until high water. A vessel that went to the assistance of the schooner, coming back into the harbor for more help, bringing the captain and his men, but returning as soon as possible. Upon their return they found that parties from Indian Harbor had boarded and taken possession and refused to give up the schooner to the captain, although he explained to them what he had done and intended to do. They claimed that she had been abandoned and towed her into Indian Harbor, where she now lies, considerably damaged and partly filled with water. Her cargo will be nearly all saved.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

FIRES IN MAINE. Wednesday morning, fire did slight damage to the Record saw mill at Livermore Falls.——The house of Mrs. Monroe Young at Ellsworth was destroyed by fire, Sunday night. The house was unoccupied. Loss, $3,500. The household goods were largely saved.——The oil part of the boarding-house occupied by a Mr. Gordon, near the railroad crossing on Winthrop street, Hallowell, was destroyed by fire, Sunday. Loss $600.

You can never know till you try, how quickly a dose of Ayer's Pills will cure your sick headache. Your stomach and bowels need cleansing, and these pills will accomplish it more effectually and comfortably than any other medicine you can find.

Items of General News

The latest estimate of the loss of life at Johnstown is 10,000.

The majority against the prohibitory amendment in Pennsylvania was 180,200.

Ralph Hart Bowles of Cherryfield delivered the oration this year at Exeter Academy.

Enormous icebergs are reported by incoming steamers in the vicinity of Newfoundland.

On the Vermont State Board of Trade, Friday, 32,220 pounds of butter were offered; 10,000 pounds sold at 19 cents.

Martin Burke has been identified as the person suspected of having something to do with the murder of Cronin.

The venerable Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, was prostrated with paralysis at his home in Lancaster, on Thursday, but he still lingers.

The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed J. H. Stover second assistant keeper of the light station at Half Way Rock, Me.

The trustees of Miami University of Ohio, have conferred the degree of LL.D. upon President Harrison and Secretary of the Interior, J. W. Noble.

Fred Miller was arrested in Boston, Thursday, as a fugitive from justice, he being wanted in Bangor, Me., on a charge of robbery.

The Secretary of State has received a telegram from the United States Minister at Constantinople, saying that the Sultan of Turkey, gives 200 pounds for the relief of the flood sufferers.

The Connecticut legislature has passed over Governor Bulkeley's veto the resolution to enable the policy holders of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company to purchase control of the company.

John Harper, of the publishing firm of Harper Brothers, New York, has just lost two children of diphtheria, aged 12 and 7 years. His wife and another child are sick with the disease, but will recover.

A bateau, carrying passengers and freight on Saint Maurice river, Quebec, Saturday became unmanageable near Grand Piles, owing to the swiftness of the current, and was carried over the falls.

Thursday, H. T. Volgt, ex-cashier of the defunct Farmers and Merchants bank of Pittsburg, Pa., pleaded guilty of embezzling $159,000 of the bank's funds, and was sentenced to six years imprisonment.

Rev. William E. Howard, of New York, convicted of grand larceny in connection with the electric sugar refinery frauds, was on Friday, sentenced to nine years and eight months imprisonment in Sing Sing, at hard labor.

In the half the important city of Lachan, in the Province of Szchuen was recently destroyed by fire. The conflagration raged four days. Twelve hundred were killed, most of them being crushed trying to escape from narrow streets. Ten thousand persons are homeless.

The offer of Dr. Small of Sedalia, Mo., to give $500 to any one who would submit to be bitten by a rabid dog, has been accepted by a stranger from Arkansas. The patient has been bitten, and the stone applied. The man is not sick, but it is feared that his mind may be affected.

Li Hung Chang has accepted the control of railways in the north of China, and it is proposed that Chang Chi Tung shall have control in the south. It is stated that tenders will soon be invited for the construction of a railway from Pekin to Hankow.

Graduating exercises of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts were held Tuesday. The Degree of B. A. was conferred on seven graduates. At a meeting of the trustees, Frederick W. Morse was made Professor of Chemistry and Albert Kingsbury instructor of Mechanical Engineering and Physics.

A bad fire occurred at the corner of Sumner and Hawley streets, Boston, Friday, a fire works and fancy goods store being burned. There was dense smoke and almost incessant discharge of fireworks. Five workmen lost their lives either by remaining in the building or jumping from the windows. Loss $80,000; fully insured.

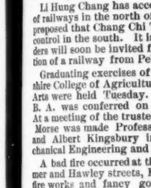
William J. Hilton, a wealthy and miserly old merchant, of Franklin, Ky., who is supposed to be on his deathbed, told a negro attendant Friday, to burn a keg which he said contined a few nails and papers. The negro did as he was directed, and destroyed about $30,000 worth of greenbacks and bonds. Hilton is now worse than ever, his wife and son, and did not care to have them inherit his property.

Saturday morning while the bookkeeper of the San Miguel Valley Bank at Telluride, Col., was alone in the bank, three men entered, and, presenting pistols at his head, demanded the funds of the institution. After securing the money they joined a fourth robber, who was holding the horses just outside the bank, and left town on the run, firing shots in the air. It is not yet known what amount they secured. Several sheriff's parties are in close pursuit.

Gardner R. Colby of Orange, N. J., died suddenly Thursday, at Monmouth Beach, N. J., aged 51. Mr. Colby was the son of Gardner Colby of Boston, a well known man in the Baptist denomination, and from whom Colby University at Waterville, Me., takes its name. The son was born in Boston and his early life was passed in that city. When still a young man he became associated with the present firm of Harding, Colby & Co., a commission dry goods house in Leonard street, New York, and in Boston. He was a far-seeing and exemplary business man.

The exercises of the 32d annual commencement of Tufts College were carried out Wednesday. At the chapel, President Capen, in his full robes of office, presided, and theses were read by members of the graduating class. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon 11 graduates, Bachelor of Philosophy upon six, and Bachelor of the Mechanic Arts upon four. The following additional degrees were conferred: Bachelor of Divinity—George W. Penniman and Leon O. Williams; Master of Arts—Charles A. Crooks, Frank W. Durkee, Geo. W. Penniman, Harry W. Whittemore, Leon O. Williams.

Schooner Baltic of Prospect Harbor, Captain Fisher, arrived Friday at New Bedford, Mass., from an Atlantic ocean whaling voyage. Captain Fisher had a thrilling experience last May while at San Bay, Santo Domingo. On the 15th of May, at 6 o'clock in the evening, five soldiers under command of an officer came down and fired 10 or 15 shots at the schooner lying an eighth of a mile from shore. They were carrying rifles of good American rifles. The first shot just cleared the captain's head. With bullets flying, the captain had no opportunity to show the American flag. The soldiers on shore kept firing and Captain Fisher ordered all hands below and went himself. When the soldiers found there was no one on deck they fired into the vessel. It was so late when the firing stopped that Captain Fisher did not dare go ashore for fear he would be shot at in the darkness. Next day he went ashore and demanded an explanation. The officials gave him no satisfactory answer.



CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

Mr. Henry Todd of Calais has lost his valuable colt, Luminary, by Lumps. This colt was bred in choice lines and was valued at $10,000,

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. Five persons were baptized on Sunday in the George's river by Rev. G. S. Hill and united with the First Baptist church in St. George.——The Yearly Meeting of Friends, at Portland, adjourned on Wednesday, to meet in November next year.——The pews of the F. Baptist church in Freeport were sold on Wednesday, and will be placed in position at once. When the work of fitting up the interior is completed this society will have one of the best and most attractive places of worship in that section.——The Montreal Methodist Conference has extended a hearty call to Rev. J. L. Hill, pastor of the Orono M. E. church, to join their conference with a location at Sherbrook. Mr. Hill is doing good work in Orono and will accept at present.——The annual Methodist campmeeting at Northport will be held this year, August 26-31. Rev. George D. Lindsey, of Bangor, will preside.

"You wish to marry one of my daughters. The youngest will get 15,000 marks, the second 30,000, and the oldest 45,000." "You don't happen to have one still older?"

Special Notices.

A Package to make 5 Gallons

DR. SWETT'S ROOT BEER,

25 cts.; by mail, 31 cts. 4 packages, $1.00, prepaid. Composed of Sarsaparilla, Life of Man, Juniper, etc., etc. An agreeable drink, while acting gently and beneficially on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Put up only at the N. E. Botanic Depot, 245 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 13f27

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, June 25, 1889.

Names of Drovers.	No. Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
Tayler & Dennison,	11		13
A. P. Libby,	30	16	30
W. W. Hall & Son,	14		48
P. A. Libby,	5		6
P. W. Thompson & Son,	14		45
I. C. Libby & Sons,	20		40
B. W. Harriman,			5

LIVE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 4188; sheep, 12,471; hogs, 16,141; horses, 709; veals, 1922.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 84; sheep, 16; horses, 76; veals, 177.

2260 head of fine western beeves have been loaded on steamers for the old world during the week to meet a steady demand, as cable from Liverpool gives quotations of American cattle 10¼ to 11 cents dressed weight.

FLUCTUATIONS IN PRICES.

Western steers of fine quality sold ½ to ¼ cent lower. Best northern and eastern 6 cents dressed weight. Small beef in same ratio of prices, down to 3 cents dressed weight.

Sheep and Lambs—Light supply except western. No change in prices. Spring lambs are not high coming from western points, New York and other sections in New England. Good lots were sold at 7 cents live weight.

Hogs—Less required, and market price remains steady. Best country lots 6¾ to 6 cents dressed weight.

Milch Cows—Market not overstocked, and fancy cows in fair demand at full prices. Its takes something extra to bring $50, or above. As the weather is warm a good trade is anticipated at Brighton tomorrow.

Horses—A good trade reported. A good sale noted of Province horses. Fine family, well styled horses in sharp demand at good prices. Western colts bring from $100 to $250 as to style and build.

Veal Calves—Price remains same as last week, 4 to 4¼ cents live weight, with too many on the market to realize any advance, which has occurred at about this season of the year heretofore.

OTHER FARM PRODUCTS.

Hay is plenty and lower, except fancy lots, which are in demand at full prices. It is not the coarseness of Maine hay that makes the price, but its greenness and sweet scent, showing its early harvesting and perfect curing. Early cut hay, if cured well, always sells readily.

Wool—The wool trade holds a peculiar position at the present time. The great west, which influences eastern markets, is putting a high value on this very valuable staple. In the wool growing territories and western States wool is being bought up at 3 to 5 cents over last year's rates by capitalists who do not do business for fun. This would seem to exclude western wool from eastern markets till better prices are offered. And on the other hand, the London sales indicate five per cent. advance, and an excited market. These two leading causes have caused a flutter in Boston wool market, and a rise of ½ to 1 cent, yet the manufacturers grumble and say they can not realize a margin on manufactured goods at present prices of the staple. We regard the wool market as solid, and look for higher prices in the near future. A nice lot of Maine country wool may round bring here 26 to 27 cents. Fine wool is lower on account of its heavy shrinkage in cleansing, yet the fiber is in greater demand.

SALES OF MAINE CATTLE.

P. W. Thompson sold 35 veals, averaging 150 lbs., at 4½ cts. live weight; 1 cow, 835. W. W. Hall & Son, sold 1 pair of choice beef oxen that weighed 3300 lbs., for $123; 1 cow, $40; 2 milch cows, $77.50 each; 9 veal calves, a nice lot, 4½ cts. live weight. Taylor & Dennison sold 1 pair of nicely fatted oxen, 3740 lbs., alive. They were five years old, fed by W. H. Snow of New Gloucester, Maine. The owner expected 6½ cts. for such a gilt edged pair, but 6 cts. was the best bid. I. C. Libby sold several lots of Maine veal calves at 4½ cts. live weight; 10 cows at $45 to $48. A. P. Libby sold 20 Aroostook new milch cows, thin and young, showing good points, at $30 each; 16 lambs at 7 cts., that averaged 58 lbs.

REMARKS.

Of all classes of live stock that is shipped out of Maine to this market in which in our reports and "remarks" we have made suggestions in regard to their growth and production, we have neglected horses as they were never our favorites or specialties, yet taking everything into account, they undoubtedly lead in profit to their producer, as the price which rules high far above other classes of live stock holds its position in spite of the many prophets who have predicted their downfall. Some ideas go to prove that horses, particularly Eastern or Maine horses, will remain high for years to come. We hear the expression that every barn and pasture is full of horses and yet it is an evident fact that a choice family or gentleman's driving or trotting horse brings a fabulous price. Maine horse is grown and fitted in Maine never will come in competition with those grown in the West, for horses to be of great value must like the human race be trained young, which cannot be done in the west, and still another idea that will keep horses up in price, notwithstanding they are raised in large numbers in the western States and Territories, there is a great demand for usable horses in this section. An emigrant takes up a section of land and the next thing essential is a team, a pair of horses. Now when it is considered the great number of thousands of people from all countries who come to this country and soon become small horse buyers, it will be evident that the demand will keep pace with the production. Maine horses have their intrinsic values, a part of which is the work and pains of the breeder and trainer, for which services he gets great pay. The first question in the market is: Is the horse kind? Is he afraid of the cars? Is he well broken? all of which qualifications bring a high price and are in sharp demand. These qualifications can be given the animals by a class of individuals who are "born tired," or rather do not like to pick rocks or dig potatoes on the farm. Style is always appreciated, while speed has no price within the limits of live stock quotations, so that the farmer of Maine who has pastures full of well bred colts need not despair if by pains and judicious training and good feed one-half of his colts come to maturity and attract attention and the balance have to be sold at scrub prices, then he will be a winner. This training should commence early and be done thoroughly for each year. The kindness and tractability of this noble animal and servant of man, that not only subserves us in many ways, but is an exquisite pleasure to his life and that of his family, is in greater quest. By spending time and exercising patience with the colts of Maine, their value can be doubled.

I. C. LIBBY.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, June 25, 1889.

FLOUR AND GRAIN. The flour market is firm, on the further advance in wheat. The Chicago market is firmer in speculative wheat while Minneapolis is firmer on actual milling wheat. In the mean time some of the spring wheat mills that are getting low on wheat are inclined to shorten production on flour, and, rather than pay such prices, as the holders of the spring wheat desire, they will shut down altogether. Here, the quotations on flour are: Fine, $2.25@2.50 per bbl; super $2.50@2.50; extra and second, $3.25@4.50; Minnesota bakers', clear and straight, $4.10@5.50; Michigan stone, $4.60@5; winter wheat, straight and roller, $4.75@5.25; winter patents, $5.25@5.90; spring patents, prime, $5.75@6.25. It should also be stated that there are some choice brands of spring patents sold by the jobbers as high as $6.50.

Corn is still much firm, with sales of steamer yellow at 46¾c. The offerings are still very light here, with the quotations at: High mixed, 46¾@47c: steamer yellow 46@46½c; steamer mixed 45¾@46c; no grade, 44@45½c.

Futures on oats are not selling, but the spot market is a little firmer. The closing call showed: Cash, neither bids nor offers to sell; June, 36⅞@36c bid, 36½c asked; July, 35½c bid, 36c asked; August, 35c bid, 36c asked. There were sales of spot No. 2 white at 36½c. The market is quoted at: Fancy and clipped, 38@39½c; No. 2 white, track, 35@35½c; elevator, 36@36½c; No. 3 white, 34½@35½c; low grades, 32@34c.

Cornmeal is firm at quotations. Rye is more steady: Export cornmeal, $2.10@$2.15; domestic, kiln dried, $2 25@$2.30; choice granulated, $2.50@$2 60; bag meal, 98@90c; oatmeal, $5.40 for fine cut, $5.70 @6. Rye is quoted at 70@75c in 100 bus. lots, and at 65@68c for carload lots. Rye flour is quoted at $3@3.25 for round lots; job lots, $3.25@3.50.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. Fine grades of butter are in a firmer position than last week. Transactions during the week have been on the basis of 18 to 18¾ cents per pound for choice Maine creamery in round lots and 19 to 21 cents in a jobbing way. A few fancy brands found customers at 19 cents, but 18 to 18¾ cents is all that can yet be depended on for Western lots in the open market. Other Western grades are held above the views of large buyers, and most of what comes here is stored. It would probably sell at 19 cents here, but none is offering under that figure. Second class Western creamery, grading first and extra firsts, is quite plentiful at 16 to 17½ cents, and, as this is really good stock, it meets the wants of a large class of trade. Grades under this are almost unsalable, as nobody cares to buy poor butter when the best can be had so cheap. Northern dairy of the finest quality sells at 16 to 17 cents in round lots and fair to good is slow at 14 to 15 cents. Occasional selected dairies go up to 18 cents, but every tub must be perfect in all respects.

Cheese is steady in price, though trade is dull. A better demand is expected today: Choice northern, 9¼@9½c; western 8¾@9c; lower grades as to quality. Jobbing prices ½c higher. Liverpool is quoted at 47s.

Eggs continue firm, with the market quoted at: Eastern extra, 16@17c: fancy and nearby higher, according to location and reputation; firsts, 13¾@14c; extra northern, 14½@15½c; extra Vermont and New Hampshire, 15@15½c; fresh western, 14½@15½c; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, 14½@15½c; Michigan choice, 14½ @15c; jobbing price, 1c higher.

Old potatoes are dull, with the market quoted at about 45@48c on northern burbanks; chenangoes, 50@55c. In new potatoes extras bring about 85 per bbl. with mediums at $2 and poor and small at $1.50

HAY. The hay market is slow. Only the very best commands $18@19 per ton. Most of the receipts are of an ordinary quality, and range from $14@$17 per ton. Rye straw is quiet at $17@18 per ton.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BRIGHTON, June 25, 1889.

Amount of live stock at market—Cattle 1116; Sheep and lambs, 10,923; Swine, 175; veals, 100; Horses, 288; Number of Western cattle, 983; Northern cattle, 133.

Prices of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs. live weight—Extra quality, $4 75@5 00; 1st quality $4 37½@4 69; 2d quality $4 10 @4 30; third quality $3 62½@4 00; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 00@3 50.

Brighton Hides 6¼c per lb.
Brighton Tallow 4c per lb.
Country Hides 5c per lb.
Country Tallow 3½c per lb.
Calf Skins 5@6c per lb.
Dairy Skins 15@35c each.
Sheep and Lamb Skins 25c each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

By Number.	lbs live wt.	Price per 100 wt.	Live Average wt.
A. N. Monroe 15	$4 44	"	1000
do 18	4 50	"	1270
do 15	4 00	"	1250
Farrell&McFlynn10	4 35	"	1225
do 15	4 35	"	1250
do 10	4 40	"	1225
do 2	4 75	"	1150
do 4	4 37½	"	1100
do 4	4 25	"	1120

The trade for beef cattle was very fair at a slight change to notice in prices from those given one week ago, being ⅛@c per lb. lower, with a moderate supply in market for the butchers' trade, prices ranging from $4@4 75 per 100 lbs. live weight. There was not much activity to the trade, and there were but a few buyers around the yards. A part of the cattle were owned by butchers, which were bought at the West for them by agents and sent direct to the yards.

Sheep and Lambs—Those in market were owned by butchers and were sent direct to be slaughtered, costing 5c, lambs 7¼c per lb. live weight, landed at the slaughter houses.

Swine—Store pigs sell slow at $1@6 per head. Those from the West were all owned by butchers for slaughter; none on the markets for sale.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For Sunstroke.

It relieves the prostration and nervous derangement.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

WEDNESDAY, June 26.

APPLES—Green, 25@35c per bushel; Russet apples, 50c per bush.; Evaporated, 5@6c per lb.; dried 4c.

BEANS—Pea beans $2 00; Yellow Eyes $ 2 75

BUTTER—Good Firkin 15c; Ball Butter 15 @18c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic 9@10c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.

EGGS—16c per doz.

FLOUR—St. Louis $6 00@7 00; Patent 7 00@7 50.

GRAIN—Corn 55c; oats 45c; barley 75c; Rye $1 00.

HAY—Loose $12@14; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 3½c, dividing—1st 90 lbs.; ox hides, 4c; bulls and stags, 2½c; calf skins, 5@6c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Tierce 7½@8¾c.

MEAL—Corn 50@55; rye 90@1 00.

SHORTS—90c@$1 00 per hundred.

A Timely Cup of Sanford's Ginger Tea

Sanford's Ginger
The Delicious Summer Medicine.

Exposure to a chill during the drive, or to night air, or unexpected change of temperature, is a most frequent cause of sudden stomach ills, which all should guard against by a timely cup of ginger tea made from SANFORD'S GINGER, a most, popular and delicious preventive of summer ills.

This original combination of imported ginger, choice aromatics, and medicinal French brandy instantly relieves cramps and pains, speedily checks all forms of summer ills, prevents indigestion, destroys disease germs in water drunk, restores the circulation and digestion when suspended by a chill,—a frequent cause of stomach troubles,—breaks up colds and fevers, promotes sleep, allays nervousness, and wards off malarial influences.

Beware of cheap, worthless, and often dangerous gingers, which are urged as substitutes. Ask for

Sanford's Ginger
With Owl Trade-Mark on the Wrapper.

Married.

In Bath, June 19, Harry D. Hall to Jennie Whitehead, both of Bath; June 15, John Roderick to Minnie Robinson.

In Bradford, June 19, Reuben G. Gross to Alice M. Herd, both of Bradford.

In Biddeford, June 13, George Wilds of Biddeford to Winnie Yates of Saco; June 15, Rohl. Bardsley of Biddeford, to Ada Jackson of Saco.

In Bangor, June 19, Charles Hoiden to Annie B. Hinds, both of Jackmantown; June 15, William H. Field to Mary E. Spencer, both of Oldtown.

In Deering, June 17, Rob't E. Howe to Maggie A. Chapman, both of Westbrook.

In Dresden, June 15, Geo. W. Holmes to Alice M. Twycross.

In East Falmouth, Mass., June 15, Sylvester Bourne of East Falmouth, to Mrs. Lizzie S. York, formerly of Portland.

In Farmington, June 9, Wilfred H. McLeary to Affe M. Butler, both of Farmington.

In Gardiner, June 17, Harry Hinds to Jennie Brown, both of Gardiner.

In Gilead, June 8, James F. Guptill of Stow, to Cora E. Larry of Shelburn, N. H.

Died.

In this city, June 15, Thomas Cross of Kingfield, aged 79 years.

In this city, Reuben R. Wood of Surry, aged 39.

In Argyle, June 15, Mrs. Betsey W. Means, aged 84 years, 3 months.

In Brunswick, June 14, Mrs. J. F. Will, aged 43 years; June 16, Hiram Toothaker, aged 69 years.

In Bradford, June 18, Melvin, son of John F. Reeves, aged 19 years, 7 months.

In Biddeford, June 17, Roderick McLellan, aged 69 years.

In Bangor, June 21, Mrs. Lucretia M. Peasley, aged 86 years, 10 months; June 16, Bridget Green, wife of Patrick Green, aged 50 years; June 18, Daniel son of Daniel and Ann McNeil, aged 4 months; June 15, Capt. Mark Perkins, aged 76 years, 10 months; June 21, Agnes Moody, second daughter of the late Geo. B. Moody.

In Cape Porpoise, June 12, Minnie, daughter of James and Sarah Quinney, aged 18 years.

In Ellsworth, June 20, Josiah Wilson.

In China, June 16, H. L. Copeland, aged about 37.

In Denmark, June 4, Moses M. Bennett, aged 68.

In Ellsworth, June 17, Dr. F. C. Fernald, aged 31 yrs.

In East Wilton, June 11, Mrs. Sarah A., wife of Josiah Walker, formerly of Strong, aged 60 years.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla
100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. It has merit all its own, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it, is what has given to this medicine a popularity and sale greater than that of any other sarsaparilla.

Merit Wins fer before the public. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum and all Humors, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, overcomes That Tired Feeling, creates an Appetite, strengthens the Nerves, builds up the Whole System.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prep.red by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

ADAMSONS

DAMSON'S BALSAM
Breaks up a cold and stops a cough more speedily, certainly and surely than any other medicine.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS. It cures all lung and throat diseases that can be reached by human aid.

DAMSON'S BALSAM prevents the growth to serious illness of a dangerous class of diseases that begin as trivial ailments, and are not to be neglected as such.

ANY persons have tested the efficacy of Adamson's Balsam. It allays inflammation and puts a stop to tickling in the throat.

SOTHERS to natural and refreshing slumber during which Nature regains strength to throw off disease.

THER remedies may be shown you and recommended as being "just as good" as Adamson's but remember the genuine is the best.

NE can avoid ever die unless by accident or old age if the resources of the healing art are completely, judiciously and timely applied.

NCE a introduction throughout New England, over twenty-five years ago, it has constantly won its way into public favor until now it is the universal decision that it is the best remedy for curing coughs, colds and pulmonary complaints including asthma.

25c. & 75c. Trial Size 10c.

Genuine made by F. W. Kinsman & Co., 363 Fourth Ave., New York. At all druggists.

Sherman House,
Court Square, Boston.
On the European plan. Rooms, 75c., $1.00 and $2.00 per day. 13f26

THE AUGUSTA HOUSE FOR SALE!

Having attained an age when the cares and duties of running a hotel of large proportions have become onerous, I have concluded to dispose of the AUGUSTA HOUSE, and all the property connected therewith. I offer the same

AT PUBLIC AUCTION,

on the premises,

On Tuesday, the 23d day of July 1889, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

unless sooner disposed of at private sale. Price of property made known to responsible parties who desire to purchase. Terms, one half cash down; the remainder on time. The House, Furniture, one hack, pair of horses, stage sleigh and harnesses, will be sold. House sold with or without the furniture.

This valuable property was never in better condition than at the present time. Some eighteen years ago an addition was made to it, costing $64,000, and since I have been connected with the establishment I have made improvements at a cost of $10,000. The House contains 110 rooms, each room finely furnished and connected with electric bells. This has for years been the legislative House, and as the capital question is settled for all time, a permanent business in that direction is assured. Beautiful for situation, located at one of the most charming points in the picturesque valley of the Kennebec, the House has always commanded first class business, and stands to-day among the most popular hotels in the State.

Correspondence or personal interview solicited.

CHARLES HUTCHINS.

Augusta, Me., June 21, 1889.

SPECTACLES —AND— EYE GLASSES —AT— Partridge's Drug Store, Augusta, Under Granite Hall.

WE OFFER FOR INVESTMENT,
Portland Water Co.
5 PER CENT. BONDS,
DUE FEBRUARY 1, 1900.
WOODBURY & MOULTON, BANKERS,
Cor. Middle & Exchange Streets, PORTLAND, ME. 13f21

Pure medicines, fresh goods and low prices a specialty at THE FULLER DRUG STORE.

ONE HORSE FOR SALE. (GOOD SIZE.)
Inquire of BOARDMAN & FARNHAM, Augusta. 13f9

CONTEST OF
Mowing Machines.

The article published in yesterday morning's *Kennebec Journal*, in relation to the trial of Mowing Machines at the farm of Mr. E. A. Field, in Sidney, yesterday, was a very unfair statement, if not absolutely misleading. This was not the fault of the paper but of the person who wrote it. The reader is given the impression in the article that in the trial between the "Deering," "Chain Gear Buckeye" and "Adriance Buckeye," the Chain Gear Buckeye came out ahead of all competitors. This is all wrong, for such was not the fact. In the first place a mistake of one hundred pounds was made in the draft of the Chain Buckeye, they claiming that it drew two hundred pounds when really it drew three hundred pounds the same as the Deering, both cutting the same grass on an up grade. The Buckeye agents claim that the committee really made a report in their favor. The committee did no such thing, nor was it their intention to do so. The actual draft of the three machines on an up grade in thick grass was as follows: Deering, 300 lbs.; Chain Gear Buckeye, 300 lbs.; Adriance Buckeye 350 lbs. In light grass, Deering, 250 lbs.; Chain Gear Buckeye, 200 lbs.; Adriance Buckeye, 100 lbs. These are the correct figures given by the committee, and the agent of the De

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

Conemaugh Valley.

Embarred by the mountains, and proud and fair,
Our land afar,
Stretching away where the foot might dare,
The rugged highlands on either side,
In Conemaugh.
Here coursed the river; here scattered wide,
O'er vales to the spurs where the heights thrive,
Like crimson snow.
The bloom of the fruit by the breeze adrift;
The fields were blossomed in gold and red;
The track astir where the rail-horse sped,
And surged the valley with happy thrift
Not long ago.

Ten boroughs stood here where the sun slopes down
The ridge or the range;
And in rural hamlet and crowded town,
This year of our Lord, the shrinkest of May,
From court to grange,
Was crowned the Memorial with wreaths of bay;
And in the after close of the day,
Hearts less were sad
At thought of the warriors taking their rest.
No doom foretold, as the night came in,
The black clouds lowering where light had been;
And sounds of laughter and joy made blest
The gay, the glad.

Now songs are not heard in Conemaugh;
No children at play
Are laving their feet near the sparkling bar
Where the white foam leaped. This face is dead!
Over the way,
Thrust up, is a jeweled hand! a bed
In this murk of mire is a sunny head!
A babe's dead face
Is here where the flickering shades retire;
And ghastly flames break from the fresh
From an holocaust of human flesh,
As if were opened by flood and fire
A burial place!

Hush! something is moving where, wierd and dark,
And dismal in smoke,
The fall of a foot has left a mark!
Is it a ghawal with a wizzard's wand?
What now is heard
In deathly cinders under his hand!
Here is another—and here they stand—
A finger's girth
In the clefts they probe the whole night long;
Disclosing the horrors of decay
They search these, ruins the whole day through—
God! is there laughter amid such throng?
Is there mirth!

Desolate; hamlet and cottage are gone;
Startled, appalled,
Beholds the eye in the murky dawn,
A charnel-house in the city stood.
Where the bay-bird called
To tie maid in garden and fragrant wood,
Foul smokes o'er a waste weaves a dirty hood.
A remnant small,
Less like the living than spectre dread,
Over this charnel, and to and fro,
Breathly, wearily ever go
Here and everywhere, seeking their dead
In the black pitfall.

Sin-smitten is beautiful Conemaugh?
Nay! better
None gave the needy. Unwarned of her fate?
Nay, warned! with care;
But peril was signalled too late, too late!
The floods came down with death at her gate!
Alas! alas!
Horrible havoc of war ne'er hurled
Such desolation in blighted worlds;
Waters piled over the tallest tree,
As judgments were loosed to sweep down a world,
Rolled through the pass,

Onward and onward from South Fork dam—
Mad—to the sky!
As pigmies shattered, the forges all,
The massive structure, huge iron and stone,
Built strong, built high,
Crumbled and twisted, and hurled afar;
Reeling, shuddering, tumbled and strown,
Like straws in the whirlwind's breath.
The wild air rent with shrieks of the slain,
Higher and higher, and wilder yet,
Spinning the mantle, the pall, the sheet;
Reaping a city, fanning death's plain,
Unshrived of souls!

Were there no heroes in Conemaugh?
Aye; brave as true;
Yonder, in range of that broken spar,
Brave Yahnemo, whose name we share
With death in view;—
Noble, faithful, unflinching and calm,
Till the wave swept over his lifted arm!
Women and men,
Each for the other and both for life—
Brother for brother—an aged sire—
Lover for lapsing lover in fire,
Child for its mother—husband for wife—
Nine to the ten.

From Conemaugh borough a rider unknown,
As downward he fled
Died shouting his warnings; another o'erthrown,
Dauntless, with valor unstamped on his face,
Pressed hard, received sore,
A-foot, and running with death in the race,
And fast to gasp as a sleuth in the chase,
A sailor boy,
Youthful, young beard just clothing his chin—
"Ahoy! ahoy!" stood steady and clear,
"The floods are upon us! the floods are here!"
Gasping, he struggled, at last overspread,
Still shouting, "Ahoy!"

Heroes, the bravest this valley of doom
Offers to fame;
High on the torrent, rode late to the tomb
One of whom honor, as sunlight the day,
Shall hallow her name.

Fair Minnie Ogle, aware that delay
Of flight must be fatal, her face turned away
From a awful debris
Of horrors hard on the Union wires,
In fated Johnstown, she sent forth this cry
To the towns below "The flood! fly! fly!"
Click, click, click, the lightning-swift criers
Sped, one, two, three,

On swept the deluge, the rush and the roar
Deafening the ear;
Destruction, wild chaos behind and before—
Wrenched, tossing, outspreading, seemed dizzy the air,
Aghast with fear!
But loyally steadfast and royally fair,
Her words, answering the warnings with care;

Read the word,
"Flee to the mountains! the flood! the flood!"
Cleft through her senses the cries of despair!
The breath of disaster was hot on her face!
And quaked at her feet! with dottings of blood
The wires were stirred!

Unsteady her vision, her lip like the snow,
Yet click, click, click,
The messages, barely outracing the foe,
Leaped o'er the continent, north and south again,
Till strained to the quick,
Was wired the last!—and then?—and then?
Then, lip by the lightning that swept down the glen,
Gasping for breath,
She rode to her death on the high, mad sea,
'Mid victime whose legions engulfed, o'erwhirled,
Agonized shrieking!—and night was unfurled
O'er Conemaugh valley, a mighty debris!
A valley of death!

Hallowell. HELEN MARR HURD.

Our Story Teller.

A WORLD OLD STORY.

Mr. Joseph Latimer was the owner and editor of a daily journal in one of our large inland cities. When his son Hugh married he took him into partnership and made him managing editor of the paper, which by that time had become a very valuable property. Gradually Mr. Latimer gave up his active interest in his own, who came, however" to the house every evening to consult with him.

One day, when the future policy of the paper was in agony of internal strife over mercial question was to be decided, Hugh found his father waiting in the hall for him. He beckoned him into the library. "We shall not be interrupted here," he said.

But the sweet, decided voice of a woman sounded from the stairs: "Bring Hugh up to my room, my dear. It is so cold for me in the library."

The young man gave an impatient shrug. "I have not got time to wait, and it will take so long to explain the matter to mother!"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Latimer. "But don't be impatient with her, Hugh; she used to consult with me about every point in the paper when it started, and her interest is just as keen now."

"It was a little 6x10 weekly sheet then, full of stories and riddles," grumbled the young man as he entered the cherry little room, with its warm, crimson drapery and bright wood fire, known in the house as Mother's Corner, and gave his mother a hearty hug and kiss. She was a slight, delicate, daintily dressed woman, with her hair curling a little on her forehead, a soft color on her cheeks and a certain gleam of command in her friendly gray eyes.

The Latimer children were all proud of their mother's beauty and charm; and they were besides as fond of her as they had been when they were children, she being, as Hugh often said, "the most motherly of mothers."

"Is Clare with you, Hugh?" she asked.

"Yes; she is in the parlor with Frances. Are you not going down to entertain them?"

"Presently. I must take part in this pour parier first." She sat down beside her little work-table near to the fire. "Go on, boys, I am all attention," nodding and smiling brightly at them.

The two men began their consultation, but under a restraint. Mrs. Latimer interrupted them with incessant questions.

I am shamefully ignorant on this matter, Hugh," she said at last. "Indeed, I have not helped you at all on The Age this winter, as I should have done. What with managing the house and taking Frances into society and overlooking Jerry at college, I have lost *le mot* on home and foreign politics."

"I keep Clare in ignorance of both," said Hugh. "A foul mouthful everywhere, I tell her. Woman had better keep apart from it."

"Oh, *Clara!*" The color rose to Mrs. Latimer's cheek. She was silent a moment. "Pray do not decide on this matter, Joseph," she said, "until I have looked into it a little. Your papa used to say, Hugh, 'give me Susan's intuitions before any man's reasonings.'" she smiled fondly at her husband.

"Ah, mother, you like to put your little fingers into every pie!" said Hugh, with a short, annoyed laugh.

Mrs. Latimer shot a keen glance at him. She knew him and her husband as she sat there every day, listening to the family consultations, she always liked to remember Madame de Maintenon stitching at her seam in the council-room of the king, during the decisive word which controlled the destinies of France.

But Hugh just now had spoken to her as to a child to whom it must be amused.

"Hugh!"

Only the other day she was teaching the dull boy his primer; and how dull he was!

They were talking now of a newspaper man from New York, who had written two or three articles for The Age.

"If you say so, father," said Hugh, "I will make a permanent arrangement with Noblet to-night. He is the very man for the times."

"Then the times demand neither wit, logic nor sense," said Mrs. Latimer. "The man is slangy and shallow."

"He really is a very popular writer just now, my dear," said her husband gently "He will help the paper immensely."

"By lowering its tone? His style is execrable. Surely you will allow, Joseph, that I am a judge of good English. You used to say that my taste was founded on the best models."

"Yes, yes, Susan; but the models and you and I are a little old fashioned, I am afraid."

The angry tears rose to Mrs. Latimer's eyes. "My opinion is of very little value, I see," she said. "I shall offer it again. Do as you think best."

Hugh put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her. "I'm afraid we must in this case, mammy dear," she said. "Noblet will be a big card for us. I must telephone for him to-night. The Era is trying to snap him up."

She knitted her brows and snipped her thread wrathfully, but did not speak. Hugh remembered how those signs used to make his heart quake when he was a little chap, standing before her knees. Dear mammy! Under all she was always softhearted and loving. He recollected that he had promised Jerry to try to change his mother's opinion in a certain matter, and with the blundering dullness of a man he chose this most unlucky moment to do it.

"Oh, by the way, mother; about Jerry."

"Well, what about Jerry?" said Mrs. Latimer, coldly.

"The boy wisher to join a fraternity at college, and"—

"You need not go on; I am perfectly aware of his wishes. He will join no fraternity. His father and you were graduated with honor, and you belonged to no such ridiculous organizations."

"I am not, and them ridiculous, mother. They belong to the confederative spirit of the times. Everything is done by clubs, associations and guilds. This fraternity which Jerry wishes to join is one of the most important in the college. The best men in his class belong to it. Really, dear, you are making a mistake. It would keep the boy out of much temptation."

"Nonsense! I have no patience with these new-fangled notions about coddling boys. My brothers at Jerry's age learned their manhood in the attic. If they did not know them they had a caning either at school or at home. And look at the men they made! But the boys of this generation! They are coddled so as to do their simple duty. Why, Jerry came to me yesterday, asking to have a room in the third floor fitted up for his own use. His camera and lathe and foils and all his other jimcracks must go into it—so that he could invite his friends there."

"An excellent idea!" exclaimed Mr. Latimer, with a pleased laugh. "I will order the room to be repapered to-morrow."

"You do not suppose that I consented to such a thing, Joseph?" Mrs. Latimer replied, actually growing pale in her excitement. "I will keep my boy under my own eye. He can bring his companions to this room. They shall always be welcome. I will do what I can to entertain and amuse them. Why should Jerry wish to go off alone with them? If they are doing nothing to be ashamed of they would not wish to go off alone."

Mr. Latimer never replied to his wife when hands began to tremble and her laws to grow pale. But Hugh answered, impatiently: "Jerry will never learn to walk unless you let him stand alone, mother. You have had 17 years to instill good principles into him. Now let him try them."

Mrs. Latimer rose. "I have decided. I have asked my fellow Jerry to use the room or to join the fraternity. There must be something wrong in his companions whom he cannot receive in his mother's presence," she said, with haughty severity.

Hugh nodded good-humoredly. "Very well. He is your son, mother, not mine. What is it, Robert?" as a servant knocked at the door.

"Mr. Cone's cards, sir. For Mrs. Latimer and Miss Frances."

"Hugh's wife is in the parlor, my dear," Mr. Latimer said. "Do not go down. You need not be bored with these young people. She will play duenna."

"Bored!" Mrs. Latimer groaned as she rose. "You use the right word, indeed! But if I go down, young Lyons will not stay."

The father and son glanced at each other. "Don Lyons is a very worthy, honorable young fellow, mother," said Hugh. "He is reckoned the strongest among the young law yers at our bar."

"Very probably," said his mother, with chilly brevity.

"And really, my dear," ventured her husband, "there is no better family in the city than the Lyons. Daniel is not dependent on his profession. He has means."

"That may be."

"For he is an active member of St. Jude's Church."

"And what is all this to me? I am not curious about his creed or his bank account."

"It is just this to you, mother," said Hugh, bluntly. "The man has loved Frances for years, and I think she is interested in him. There is actually no objection to him; yet you persistently frown him out of the house. Why do you do it? It is a question of life and happiness with poor little Fan. What reason have you?"

Mrs. Latimer was flushed, but she controlled herself and was silent for a minute. Then she said, slowly:

"I simply do not like the man. He is not the kind of a person I wish Frances to marry. It is a case of Dr. Fell, I suppose. Your father, when he came to visit me, was grave and tender and courteous. This young man is flippant; he is eternally joking about his profession, and he could not tear that goes on between him and Frances wearies me beyond endurance. He is a type of the modern young man, I suppose."

"Precisely, mammy, and Fan belongs to the same generation. After all, it is for Fan he comes a-wooing, not you. You have my father, Dad is perfection, I know; but we cannot all be like him."

"Frances will hardly engage herself to a man who is repugnant to me. I think that closes the matter."

"Oh, of course," said Hugh. "Will you walk down-stairs with me, father? The night is pleasant."

Mrs. Latimer did not go down to the parlor when the two men left her. She perfectly understood and disapproved in their faces as they bade her good-night. "They think I have no right to control the lives of my children," she said, the bitter tears creeping down her cheeks. "And if I did not, of them life! And if I would not pour out my heart's blood for them!"

It was not only of love. Mrs. Latimer knew that her intellect was stronger than that of any of her children; she had age and experience. And yet, she ought not, decide and judge for them!

About 11 o'clock Fan tapped at her door and came in, with a rustle of silk and flash and movement very unusual in that gay little chatterbox. The girl's cheeks, too, were pale and there was a tender softness in her dark eyes, very close to tears.

"What is it, Frances?" her mother said, coldly. "Do you wish to see me?"

"Only to say good-night, mamma." She kneeled down and put her head in her mother's lap, looking up, her lips trembling with the secret she had to tell. Mrs. Latimer guessed it and her soul filled with a blind rage.

"I will not hear it!" she cried to herself. "I will never consent! My baby—my little girl, Dan Lyons's wife!"

"Won't you put your arms around me, mamma? I do so love you to-night!" whispered Fan, with a sob.

Mrs. Latimer patted her as she might a troublesome cat. "Now jump up, Frances, and go to bed," she said, briskly.

Fan rose. "I wished to talk a little to you, mammy dear, about"—she said timidly.

"Not now—not now! I have something to think of; an important business matter."

"To-morrow, then. I am there per arms about her mother and strained her to her breast. Mrs. Latimer sat like a stone, yet she loved her child with a fiery energy. Fan was her child, she had given to her blood and heart and mind! Surely she ought to direct her future life.

When Frances reached the door her mother said: "Who was here to-night?"

"Clara and Mr. Lyons, mamma."

"Mr. Lyons remained after Clara had gone?"

"Yes"—her face blushing radiant, "He"—

"Do not let it occur again. He is a young man who character and manner are distasteful to me, Frances. Encourage no intimacy with him."

"Mother!"

"Good night, my dear."

"You must hear me, mother."

"That will be all, I will be alone."

The girl flung out her arms like an angry child. "It is I who am alone. You drive me from you," she said and left the room.

Then the house was silent. Calm in the Latimer household for several weeks. Dan Lyons never came to the house again, and his name was not mentioned by the continually chattering Jerry. He never spoke again of the fraternity nor the room which he had planned. He did not, however, bring his friends to his mother's little parlor, and laughed somewhat grimly when he urged him to do it.

"There's something about boys you don't understand," he said.

Mrs. Latimer smiled. As if a woman of her knowledge and judgment could not read those transparent, immature minds!

Noblet was engaged by *The Age* and she read with contempt his crude slashing articles; but there was no doubt of his popularity. Everybody congratulated Mr. Latimer on this brilliant access to his staff, and the paper nearly doubled its subscription list.

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"And if you read an article of those days now it would seem stilted even to you. The world changes its base with each generation. It may go backward, but it does change its base."

"I shall not change mine," said Mrs. Latimer, calmly.

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Latimer noticed that her husband went quietly to open it, glancing at Hugh with a constrained excitement in his face.

Frances entered, and close beside her was Dan Lyons. Even in her astonishment the thought flashed into Mrs. Latimer's mind that he was really a manly, handsome fellow. She rose. "What!—I do not understand, Frances."

"This is my husband, mother. I married him two months ago. I could not have your blessing, so I—oh, mamma, I love him! I did not want to find a man like father to marry, as you did for me, but just Dan—Dan!" The words tumbled over each other as Fan laughed and cried and dragged her husband and mother together.

"Two months ago."

"It is all right, my dear—all right," said Mr. Latimer. "Old Father Johns married them. He says he knew you would relent when you had learned to appreciate Dan."

"I hope you may be happy, Frances," Mrs. Latimer said at last. She kissed her with lips that were like ice. She gave her hand to Lyons without a word.

"But she did give it."

"But she did give it." Hugh told his wife that night. "She acted like a thoroughbred, poor little mother! Dan wanted to joke it off, but I got them out of the room as soon as I could, to give her time to recover. When they were gone she turned to me. "My child, run away to be married! My modest, innocent Fan! Is it my fault? Did I drive her to it?" And just then, as ill luck would have it, Jerry came in, his face red, and a silly leer in his eyes. He began to hiccough. It is the second time that I've caught the boy drunk this winter. He's in a bad set you know. Mother stood up straight, looking at him, as ghastly as tho' she had been dealt her death-blow. I think she wholly forgot Fan's marriage in this horror. 'Is this my fault?' she said. 'Have I made his home so hateful to him that?'—I caught the little brute to take him away, but she stopped me. 'Go Hugh. Leave me with my boy.' So there she is in her misery."

"There is no reason why she should be miserable," said the practical Clara. "Dan Lyons will be as good and loving a husband to Fan as woman could had. And as for Jerry, the boy does not take to scampishness nor liquor naturally. But your mother provided no safety-valve for his young blood. She tries to run her children into the mold of the last generation, and it can't be done! She will not see that while right and wrong remain the same since the beginning of the world, tastes, habits, manners change every 30 years. Do you think she will ever see it?"

"I do not know. Poor mother! she does like her own way," remembering the Noblet affair.

While the young people discussed her, Mrs. Latimer alone faced the question which comes to every man and woman of middle age: "Why was she alien to these children? Who was to blame?"

For the Maine Farmer.

A FROST FLOWER.

It was a drizzly day in early autumn. Several guests were established in an old fashioned New England country house, gathered there by the charming hostess, Mrs. Bray. Many a sigh escaped from its not too vigilant keeper, as one by one the idlers at the late breakfast table sauntered across the room, and looked out upon the well washed lawn beneath and the darkened sky above.

One of the little group had neither laugh nor sigh for the dismal day, as with a pretty air of indifference she crossed the room, and looked, with a shade of wistfulness, perhaps, upon the monotonous scene.

But why were the only two or three men, who were decidedly young, so anxious to find a place at her side? Her amusement seemed of vast importance. One hastened to find a book Miss Maynard liked, another offered to get her a shawl which was on the third flung himself upon a hassock at her feet, to watch for her the signs of storm or shine.

Miss Belmont, the heiress, was quite forsaken; and yet she had a fair share of good looks. Wherein lay Stella Maynard's charms? Mrs. Blake, the portly English lady who had been the dearest girl friend of her loneliness, watched the graceful figure at the window with an unwonted thrill of tenderness. Miss Maynard was dressed in a delicate lavender of some soft material, with a knot of only asters at the throat. Her rich, brown hair was carelessly knotted at the crown, but little ringlets escaped, and clung like vine tendrils to her shapely neck and thoughtful forehead. Her skin was of a peculiar, delicate whiteness, so transparent as to show the blue veins beneath with wonderful clearness; her lips were full and mobile, but her eyes—what a world of mystery was in those deep violet eyes! Mrs. Blake decided that here in was her chief beauty. And then her manner was simply perfect. She had none of the "airs" of a young woman who was friendly with all, neither over bold nor too retiring; and Mrs. Blake thought, as Herbert Ayer arose and gave his final verdict for a rainy day, that she had never seen among her many English friends one whose grace surpassed that of Miss Maynard, who also arose and went to the music room, followed by her train of admirers.

Mrs. Blake sent a servant for shawl and hood for her old friend, and sat down to a confidential chat. They talked of olden days and other scenes, and finally of the visitors here assembled. Mrs. Blake expressed her admiration of Miss Maynard, which her friend replied, with a flush of pleasure: "Isn't she charming?" but seemed averse to any further information concerning her.

"Mr. Ayer is a fine looking man, to be a rather that goes on between him and Frances wearies me beyond endurance. He is a type of the modern young man, I suppose."

"Precisely, mammy, and Fan belongs to the same generation. After all, it is for Fan he comes a-wooing, not you. You have my father. Dad is perfection, I know; but we cannot all be like him."

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"I hope you may be happy, Frances," Mrs. Latimer said at last. She kissed her with lips that were like ice. She gave her hand to Lyons without a word.

"But she did give it."

"But she did give it." Hugh told his wife that night. "She acted like a thoroughbred, poor little mother! Dan wanted to joke it off, but I got them out of the room as soon as I could, to give her time to recover. When they were gone she turned to me. "My child, run away to be married! My modest, innocent Fan! Is it my fault? Did I drive her to it?" And just then, as ill luck would have it, Jerry came in, his face red, and a silly leer in his eyes. He began to hiccough. It is the second time that I've caught the boy drunk this winter. He's in a bad set you know. Mother stood up straight, looking at him, as ghastly as tho' she had been dealt her death-blow. I think she wholly forgot Fan's marriage in this horror. 'Is this my fault?' she said. 'Have I made his home so hateful to him that?'—I caught the little brute to take him away, but she stopped me. 'Go Hugh. Leave me with my boy.' So there she is in her misery."

"There is no reason why she should be miserable," said the practical Clara. "Dan Lyons will be as good and loving a husband to Fan as woman could had. And as for Jerry, the boy does not take to scampishness nor liquor naturally. But your mother provided no safety-valve for his young blood. She tries to run her children into the mold of the last generation, and it can't be done! She will not see that while right and wrong remain the same since the beginning of the world, tastes, habits, manners change every 30 years. Do you think she will ever see it?"

"I do not know. Poor mother! she does like her own way," remembering the Noblet affair.

While the young people discussed her, Mrs. Latimer alone faced the question which comes to every man and woman of middle age: "Why was she alien to these children? Who was to blame?"

For the Maine Farmer.

A FROST FLOWER.

It was a drizzly day in early autumn. Several guests were established in an old fashioned New England country house, gathered there by the charming hostess, Mrs. Bray. Many a sigh escaped from its not too vigilant keeper, as one by one the idlers at the late breakfast table sauntered across the room, and looked out upon the well washed lawn beneath and the darkened sky above.

One of the little group had neither laugh nor sigh for the dismal day, as with a pretty air of indifference she crossed the room, and looked, with a shade of wistfulness, perhaps, upon the monotonous scene.

But why were the only two or three men, who were decidedly young, so anxious to find a place at her side? Her amusement seemed of vast importance. One hastened to find a book Miss Maynard liked, another offered to get her a shawl which was on the third flung himself upon a hassock at her feet, to watch for her the signs of storm or shine.

Miss Belmont, the heiress, was quite forsaken; and yet she had a fair share of good looks. Wherein lay Stella Maynard's charms? Mrs. Blake, the portly English lady who had been the dearest girl friend of her loneliness, watched the graceful figure at the window with an unwonted thrill of tenderness. Miss Maynard was dressed in a delicate lavender of some soft material, with a knot of only asters at the throat. Her rich, brown hair was carelessly knotted at the crown, but little ringlets escaped, and clung like vine tendrils to her shapely neck and thoughtful forehead. Her skin was of a peculiar, delicate whiteness, so transparent as to show the blue veins beneath with wonderful clearness; her lips were full and mobile, but her eyes—what a world of mystery was in those deep violet eyes! Mrs. Blake decided that here in was her chief beauty. And then her manner was simply perfect. She had none of the "airs" of a young woman who was friendly with all, neither over bold nor too retiring; and Mrs. Blake thought, as Herbert Ayer arose and gave his final verdict for a rainy day, that she had never seen among her many English friends one whose grace surpassed that of Miss Maynard, who also arose and went to the music room, followed by her train of admirers.

Mrs. Blake sent a servant for shawl and hood for her old friend, and sat down to a confidential chat. They talked of olden days and other scenes, and finally of the visitors here assembled. Mrs. Blake expressed her admiration of Miss Maynard, which her friend replied, with a flush of pleasure: "Isn't she charming?" but seemed averse to any further information concerning her.

"Mr. Ayer is a fine looking man, to be sure; but he never is; prob'y you mean the minister. He lives right up to the arsenal on the hill."

"It was my turn to stare, for I had never heard of an armory in our midst, and it took me several seconds of sharp study to conclude the woman had reference to the parsonage.

"Don't you see that white house with green blinds, right on the next hill? That's the arsenal. Mr. Smith lives there. Maybe you're a relation to him?

"Then began a face appeared at the window that haunted me all day. You know how the faces haunted me in London? Well, this face was so entirely out of keeping with the house surroundings! The child had a transparent skin, and her pinched, oval face held the most wonderful violet eyes. Her hair, too, was uncommon, a mass of tangled ringlets of the peculiar brown, which is black in shade and auburn in sunshine."

Here Mrs. Blake became all attention.

"I made inquiries, and learned that she was Mr. Travers' niece. I cultivated acquaintance with the slender little maid, who seemed so like those wild asters growing from the dark soil by the brook. By degrees I won her confidence. I told a friend who was widowed and alone, whose wealth more than sufficed for her own wants. I plotted and schemed for my little friend, until Mrs. Maynard adopted her. She was a loving and much loved daughter until Mrs. Maynard's death, a year ago. I am well pleased with the result of my scheming, and believe neither party repented the adoption, 'though Mrs. Maynard's wealth dwindled to a slender portion at her death. Stella will teach music the coming winter."

"Unless she marries," said Mrs. Blake. "I don't understand it," she added, thoughtfully. "She is very beautiful."

"Exquisite," replied Mrs. Bray. "You never will understand our American institutions, and take these developments as a matter of course, will you, Clara?" laughed her hostess.

"Ah, but I fear your frost flower is too delicate for transplanting," said her friend, thoughtfully.

That evening, as Herbert Ayer walked up and down the piazza with Miss Maynard, he must have asked some question, for she said, "I am poor."

"I have riches enough," he added.

"I am like a frost flower, and my life will be short," she said.

"But I will brighten it," he replied; and they walked on.

A year later Mrs. Bray remembered her friend's remark, "I fear your frost flower will not bear transplanting." Young Mrs. Ayer lay in her casket, wreathed in flowers, herself again the loveliest flower of all. She had her year of happiness, and her kind friend, recalling her first acquaintance, as she looked though tears upon that haunting face, reflected that frost flowers are short lived.

LURA BELL.

Choice Miscellany.

The Pine Tree State.

BY FRANCES L. MACE.

[Read at the reunion of the State of Maine Association, Oakland, Cal., May 31.]

No song more deeply moves the hearts of men
Than "Home, Sweet Home." Long years may intervene
Since lingering eyes viewed last the cherished scene,
But in that strain all childhood lives again.
In every race this passionate home-love dwells;
Where'er it is pure faith and vigorous manhood,
The scant, sweet days of sunshine are more dear
Than whose long summers weave their languor
ous spells.
No tropic bloom such gladness can bestow
As the first Mayflower peeping through its veil of
snow.

To us what picture flushes on the brain
When Home is sung or spoken? We behold
A landscape wide and beautiful and bold,
Rugged in highland, fair and rich in plain.
Not Italy nor Greece has such a sky
But by the hunter's track, or birch canoe
Silently threading some that ripple blue
From where Katahdin's spectral throne is set.
Katahdin! whose cold, crystal brow is seen
A wrful in winter scorn above the pine woods green.

Our rivers' resonant Indian names may scorn
Harsh and unmusical to stranger's ear,
To us the syllables are soft and clear,
And bring to the spirit's eye a sparkling gleam
Of Saco, turning swift the busy loom,
Androscoggin, near old Bowdoin's dome,
Of Kennebec, whose placid waters pour
Through willow banks and field of orchard bloom.
What leal-hearted villages that border throng!
What sounds of happy life flow with those waves along!

Highway of ships from farthest foreign port,
Penobscot! let me name thy name once more!
I see thy calm, majestic current pour
Past cliff and palisade and old gray fort,
Till where the broad bay mingles with the sea,
A hundred islands, blossoms of the wave,
Their summer beauty indolently lave
And listen to thy wood-born minstrelsy.
Beautiful path! by which the brave Champlain
Famed Norumbega sought, in the new world of
Maine.

We count our lakes, like billowy inland seas,
Their mighty heights in many a lofty line,
Cities whose spires from distant hill tops shine,
Half hid by avenues of arching trees,
And—pleasure garden for the world, behold
Mt. Desert cradled on the summer sea;
Mere arc of sweeping work is egrally
Outdone by Nature, in her sculptures bold.
Our greatest glory is that it cannot be told,
Walled by two thousand miles of winding ocean
coast.

And what her record upon history's page?
What honors has she but are still our own,
Dwelling afar within this softer zone?
What lights for beacons to the passing age?
Old are her memories; let us not forget
That when the pilgrims touched the frozen beach,
Ere they had left the ship, Elder Brewster's speech
Saluted them, the famous Samoset.
Even then was Pemaquid an open door
To commerce, out-post strong upon our stormy
shore.

Then follows many a gallant pioneer,
Each name a household word in Maine's fresh Priest
Among them, wooing to the sacred feast
And fast of Rome, with earnestness sincere.
Of noble birth and high and state of line;
Of sterner faith and ruder strength were they
Who builded their humble homes by the bay,
Changing the wild wood to the fruitful plain.
Then freedom spoke her first appealing word,
And wide along our coast the swift response was
heard.

Fitting it is in song to tell again
Of those fierce patriots who on open sea
Struck British ship a blow for liberty,
And her sea flag fell first to men of Maine.*
Then in long border strife, more severe,
Who, from beneath the shadow of the pine
Rushed forth to battle for their country's shrine
Of the young country even then so dear.
The costly seed by hardy warriors sown,
To fourth dashes of time the land has grown.

Yet, when the thunder-cloud of civil strife
Broke in our midst, the sons of patriot sires
Felt the quick flame of freedom's ancient fires,
And rose as one to battle for their rights.
Here, too, our wanderers to the sunset coast
Send back their greeting, and their hearts are thrown
The starry flag, its fortune yet unknown,
And they who raised it did not fear the cost.
Its folds have shadowed all the land has grown.
The golden State flung out the flag of loyalty!

Our roll of honor for the century past,
Hold names the wide world knows and treasures well.
Vain the attempt on one brief page to tell
Of those whose memory will their age outlast.
Men strong in peace or battle to command,
Right to enforce, high council to proclaim,
From Prentiss, early on the list of fame,
To the plumed Knight, first statesman of the
land.
Proud native State! like the great Roman dame
Her jewels are her sons, their laurels are her fame.

When late the autumn's gray and purple glow
Is in our fields and woods, and round
I saw the veil uplifted reverently
From the brown mound of Longfellow.
In the broad square where as a child he learned,
From breeze and bird, the alphabet of song,
He stood a presence beautiful and strong,
A king with all his triumphs home returned.
Ten thousand lips hailed loving welcome true,
While, like tumultuous birds, the little children
sung.

What seas he there, the calm, perpetual guest,
What realms and regions and tongues pagnant by?
If it be types as stainless, alms as high
As his own life melodiously expressed,
Then will the sweet lessons of his song be sure,
The Norumbega, lost to mortal sight,
Shall be found again, and Evangeline
And, bullied loftier than its prophets knew,
Shall be the motto of our fathers, wrought
On its chief corner stones, heroic life and thought.

Deem not that with such ties or ardent pride,
We shall be faithless to this later home
To whom more generous gifts than ours we come.
O, be it ours to swell the incoming tide
Of fortune, progress, power, in this fair land
Of the to-morrow! May our children be
As her own sons in love and fealty!
We do not take but give with thankless hand,
If, dwelling by the palm and purple vine,
We hear, to life's last hour, the murmur of the
pine.

*The British ship "Margaretta" attacked by men of Machias —*Bancroft's History U. S.*

Robbers' Road.

Way back, some 30 years agone, when our Golden State was in a condition of lawlessness that has made it the scene of many a romance; in fact, in that epoch of California's history which corresponds closely with the feudal period in the history of the world, there was a stage route of some extent crossing an inland county, which had gained for itself the title of "The Robbers' Road." Like many another good old name and landmark, its appaling title has passed through a degenerative process, and now its origin lives only in the memory of a few white-haired old pioneers, the remnant of the brave and daughty rovers, who fought with the tenacity of despair to the tales of yore.

Important business complications necessitated my undertaking a journey through this portion of the State, where the depredations of highwaymen resembled in modern swoop of feudal barons on itinerant hucksters and pilgrims, and where a heavy purse changed hands with the celerity with which the handkerchief of a puzzled spectator passes from his own pocket into that of the performing prestidigitator.

Though far from a coward, and inured to danger, as a man ought to be who takes the perilous trip over the mountain, plain and desert from east to west, I confess that it was with anything but pleasurable anticipations that I took my seat in the vehicle in charge of the conductor, Bill Jones.

I will digress here to say that my general habits are abstemious, while as to tobacco in particular—with the sole exception of the circumstances mentioned in this story—I never in any form passed my lips; but I have found it by no means subversive of success with men to have always on hand a small supply of the weed, which constitutes the nectar and ambrosia of so many, and on this occasion, as on many others before and since, I had with me a pocketcase of cigars and a large piece of what is called by the initiated, I believe, "navy plug," an article used for masticatory purposes, and recommended by its strength to the strongest palates. The position of the latter in my right hand lower waistcoat pocket is sufficiently important to the sequence of the narrative to warrant my particularity in asserting its exact location.

My only fellow-traveler was a lady, to whom I had the felicity of an introduction previous to our departure, though the close proximity occasioned by the roughness of the road would probably made for a entirely unn